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"LIBERTY, HOLINESS, LOVE."

DAVID REED, PROPRIETOR. BOSTON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1848. N. S. FOLSOM, EDITOR

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"EUTHANASY."

A CHAPTER FROM A NEW BOOK.

We feel much obliged to the Editor of WILLIAM MOUNTFORD's forth-coming new volume, — EUTHANASY,—for the favor of a chapter from the author's manuscript. It has brought us into nearer sympathy with one, whom, in his "Martyria," we had learned to love and admire. We present the chapter to our readers as an earnest (taken as we would take a lot from the urn) of what we doubt not many of them will hasten to obtain. The book will be introduced by the same accomplished editor, and the same enterprizing publishers, to whom the reading public are indebted for their acquaintance with "Martyria."

Aubin.

Oh this westerly wind and sunshine! How the white clouds drive, and the poplar leaves glance and rustle! Every breath is health, this morning. So lofty and so blue the sky is: and such fresh thoughts one has in looking up at it. It is poetry and religion to be in the open air, today, is it not? It is as though God were abroad. What am I saying! As though the Divinity were not omnipresent, and present always and everywhere alike! I mean, this morning feels as Eden may have felt, when, in the cool of the day, Adam became sensible of the Lord God's presence among the trees.

Marham.

It is a very pleasant morning. I looked for you in the garden, Oliver.

Aubin.

In autumn I do not much like the sight of a garden.

Marham.

It is melancholy; it certainly is.

Aubin.

The melancholy of the woods I like; but in the blighted prettiness of a garden, there is no promise of a revival. But the woods look so grandly in decay, that it is as though they knew of their being to be green again. So when I saw how the dahlias were blackened with the frost, and how one flower hung its head, and another was dropped on to the ground, I came through the garden, and I have been sitting in the field here, and meditating.

Marham.

What about?

Aubin.

Sit on the bench, here, and I will tell you, uncle. But I must remember, first, which I do not think I can, very well.

Marham.

Oh, you have been dreaming, Oliver, and pleasantly, I hope.

Aubin.

No, I have not been dreaming, but only feeling. I have been feeling like a portion of the scene about me, and as though my being were blended with that of the trees and the fields; so that the leaves fell as though through my spirit; and it was not as though I heard with my ears the robin sing, but as though he sung within me. And I felt just as the trees, and hedges, and grass might feel together, if they could know of their life's subsiding into a wintry pause.

Marham.

Yellow, and then naked, and then as green again as ever! I ought not to have seen this in the woods, seventy times, without myself growing old the more cheerfully. It is a day for thinking, this is; and every autumn, for a few days, it is as though there were a power in the air making us be thoughtful.

Aubin.

The spirit of the season is on us, and it is as though from everything about us, we were whispered, "Now know yourselves." And a very seasonable warning, it is, after the contentment that summer has given us, in health, and warmth, and plenty, and light. Summer would make us self-sufficient; but autumn says to us, that we are mortal: very mildly she speaks; but if she is not minded, then the voice of winter is the more terrific, when he comes roaring out of the north. And if a man dies at the coming of winter, he dies the more mournfully, if he has not talked quietly with the autumn just gone.

Marham.

Poor man! But we do not any of us feel as we ought, that here we have no continuing city.

Aubin.

Except on a day like this.

Marham.

Aye, this is an old man's day.

Aubin.

And an invalid's.

Marham.

The leaves are fading about us, and so the more submissively do we ourselves fade as a leaf.

Aubin.

Yes, our feelings were soothed by nature about us, and then as soon as they are calmed, they grow hopeful of themselves, and our walk among the dead leaves becomes triumphant, and we say that we know that our Redeemer lives.

Marham.

Among the works of God our feelings get soothed, and grow prophetic of immortality; but not so among the works of men, not so in towns. In a town, everything is so noisy and bustling; and it as though there were not much thought in it, fit for an old man to have, and not much feeling about it that he can well share in.

Aubin.

Yet men grow old in towns, and faster than in the country, perhaps. And in a large city, the clock never strikes twice in the hearing of the same population; for within the hour a child has been born, and some soul has been taken. Oh, in the sight of God, who sees it all, how the population of a city must be ever changing! In one house there is a babe just born, and in the next house is stretched the cold length of a corpse. Always there is one generation going, and another coming. So that in a city, the inhabitants may be as many as ever, but they are never the same even for a few hours. Year by year, and hour by hour, the population renews itself: the son in the place of the father, and youth out of decay. Now, in an aged heart, is there no sympathy with this? Nay, in this life of a city, ever fresh and strong, is not there something like the immortality of the soul? is not there what shows how the inward spirit may renew itself, through the very perishing of the outward form? For in some cities, energy, wisdom, frankness, friendliness, and little peculiarities of mind, are the same from age to age, while the men and the buildings and the streets are changing every day.

Marham.

Your faith is like an evergreen, for it is always so fresh; and in the smoke of a city it does not fail, but even there it smells of the country.

Aubin.

Why, uncle, you are quite figurative.

Marham.

Am I, Oliver, am I? Well, then, more exactly, your faith seems to me like ivy, which not only mantles human homes, and keeps them warm, and makes them beautiful, and which climbs round old castles, and lives on their walls, making it seem as though the very stones are not so dead but that life is to be had out of them.

Aubin.

Well, uncle, well!

Marham.

Ivy is the beauty of old ruins; and your faith is not unlike it, for it springs up so strongly from amidst fallen hopes. But just now you said, you did not like the sight of a garden in autumn; why do not you?

Aubin.

Because it is only melancholy. For within the fence of a garden, decay is not wide enough to be sublime. But in the fields and woods it is. There, decay is so vast, as to be grand.—And at any sublime sight, the soul feels herself immortal. For whether purely or justly, or kindly, or devoutly, the more we feel, the more certainly immortal we feel. And in such experiences, there is what is worth regard, aye, and thanksgiving—special thanks to God. For often our holiest efforts are discouraged; and while making some of our loftiest attempts, it is as though we were spoken to by God; and as though he said to us, "Fear not, for it is into my bosom you are striving; be nothing chilled." And then for a few moments, there is the warmth of immortality about our souls.

Marham.

So that we feel best, what we are to be, when we *are* what we ought to be. A gust of wind! Down come the leaves!

Like leaves on trees the race of man is found,
Now green in youth, now withering on the ground.
So generations in their course decay,
So perish these, when those have past away.

And long, long ago, perished Homer and his listeners.

Aubin.

Perished? Not he! For to our knowledge, the very words of his mouth are living. And his Iliad is brotherhood for Homer, with men of all nations and times.

Marham.

Aye, and with ourselves. The leaves fall about us, just as he heard them fall; and the same thoughts come into our minds as did into his, with the sound, and we think how from the tree of life, human existences are forever being loosened and shed like leaves.

Aubin.

How the air smells of dead leaves! Decay, decay, everywhere decay! All things, everywhere, look exhausted. So that to-day feels like a day out of some Greek Olympiad, or as though it had been kept for us, out of some Egyptian cycle, or Chaldaean year. For all things do feel so old.

Marham.

To you, do they, Oliver? It is the melancholy of the season, and the reverie, that comes of the warm still day. You had been sitting here some time, when I found you. What had you been thinking of? Your thoughts were—

Aubin.

They were with the men of old time, with the population of Nineveh and Babylon, and the builders of the Pyramids, and the dwellers of Enoch, the first city. I have been thinking how this earth has been sailed upon by the Phoenicians, been travelled about by Abraham and his camels, been traversed and fought on by Roman armies, been swept over by Goths and Huns from the North, and always from East to West been the pathway of civilization.

Marham.

It is a curious thought, what this earth has been in different ages of it—the pasture-ground of the Patriarchs, the quarry of Egyptian builders, and the battle-field of the Romans.

Aubin.

Once this earth was the floor of the bridal bower of Adam and Eve, and many nights, that was all it was to all mankind. But now it is the cornfield and the meadow, and the garden, and the hearth, of many million families. And it is become, besides, the graveyard of nations. Graveyard, did I say? Well, so it is: and it is the birth-place of souls as well.

Marham.

So it is; so it is! Yes, it is! I am wondering what it is, Oliver, that makes what you say be so very persuasive of a hereafter. I cannot tell whether it is your voice, or what it is.

Aubin.

Uncle, we will thank God that—but come how it may—Dear uncle, what I mean is, that into a mind not superstitious, whatever way faith comes, it cannot but come rightly. And I would say this, that there is a state of mind, and I think it is a reasonable and a right state of mind, in which nearly every human circumstance is suggestive of immortality—even those matters, I mean, that are thought the gloomiest. And so the universality of death is to me the certainty of life after it.

Marham.

But from some facts, one might learn that the uniformity of death is the frightfulness of it.

Aubin.

Aye, death makes no exceptions. Righteousness is cut down uncrowned; honesty perishes without having proved the best policy; men that called on God die unanswered; and many a disciple dies, with many a Christian promise not kept to him. Now these are the things that make existence feel unfinished at death. And so it is, that many things that are untoward in this life, point toward another.

Marham.

They do; so they do. Down come the leaves again! Oh, what a shower of them!

Aubin.

And so because we soon fall like them, we cannot rot like them. Good men die as early as the bad; and if one bad man dies the sooner for his vice, there is a good man dies the earlier for his virtue—for his self-denial and his poverty; for poverty is not the less killing, for having been nobly incurred. Good and bad look alike in death, and so death itself cannot be what it looks.

Marham.

If death makes good and bad be alike, then it is only a seeming, or else for a very little while; that is your meaning, is not it?

Aubin.

Death is not what it looks; cannot be, and must not be believed so.

Marham.

Cannot be and must not be! And saying so, do we know what we do say! Because death is God's causing. And as regards Providence, what must or must not be, is not for man to say.

Aubin.

Out of his self-will it is not. As to death, man cannot speak out of his own knowledge; but he can and may out of the spirit of God. For in good men the spirit itself does bear witness with their spirits.

Marham.

In the saints of God it does.

Aubin.

And in all disciples, according as they are more or less Christian. In yourself, uncle, there is the witness of the Spirit: there is, I know, for sometimes I hear it speaking in your voice.—Uncle, there are persons dead, about whom I have feelings, which I dare not distrust. Once I was in the death-chamber of a sufferer for righteousness' sake—a man, that had died in his virtue. My feelings were of awe and triumph; and while in the room, every breath was like inspiration in me, and I said, 'I know that his Redeemer liveth.'

Marham.

A friend of yours, was not he!

Aubin.

Yes, uncle. The day he was buried, was just such a day as this. He was buried under an elm-tree; and the leaves fell on to the coffin, and into the grave softly and so fast. It was as though nature were grieving over him. And indeed he was a man, whose love the very trees might miss. For in his eyes, they were more than wood and leaves; and what Moses saw in one bush, he saw something of, in every forest and shrub. And for him, there was not a tree, but had burning in it, the presence of God.

Marham.

That manner of sight, I should be sure he had from you. A good man, a very good man he was; so I have heard you say.

Aubin.

And so he was: and he died in his goodness, and almost through it. And at his grave-side, my thoughts asked 'Why was this; for cannot goodness be so good, as that none should be the worse for it any way?' There was no answer made me, but silence: though for a thinker that is enough. And as I turned away from the grave, there was in me, what was like the Divine voice asking 'About what I am designing to do with you mortals, why art thou doubtful! for hast thou not known me?' And then I said to myself, 'Aye, why at all do I doubt God?' For justice and goodness in me, are his inspiration, and they prophesy of what his providence will do. Yes, and God will be better than my goodness, and so my friend will prove happier than my hopes. And so I grew cheerful and left him—

Where his fathers sleep in their hillocks green.

A beautiful line, is not it? It is the Swedish Tegner's.

Marham.

And you have no exception to make to it, have not you? I have none myself. But always you will have it, that the real man is what no graveyard ever gets: for you so earnestly distinguish between body and soul. But indeed it is a very forcible line; and you may well like it.

Aubin.

It makes one feel, as though in the grave there were sleepers, but not dead bodies; and as tho' the earth were warm about them, and conscious of having them lie in her bosom.

Marham.

Mother earth! That fond phrase of the Greeks! Mother earth!

Aubin.

Aye! and cannot one hear her crying to the Father of spirits, for pity on the dead bodies in her bosom—children that have lost their breath, but her children still! And now if such a voice from earth to heaven could reasonably be, then always it is as though it really were crying.—And there is in the mind of God, the feeling, that such a cry would make: for God not only answers prayer, but anticipates it. So that from among her sister planets, whatever this earth could rightly pray for, for her children, already God is granting them, or else he is intending.

Marham.

My prayer is pure; O earth cover not thou my blood—so Job says, and then begs the earth not to silence his cry. In the Scriptures, there are many passages, which are as though the earth could think and feel.

Aubin.

And as though she could speak. And oh, if she could, if she could! And if she did, for all the sufferers in her! If only men's sighs lived on the air; we could not bear the sound. But it is as though God did hear, what man could not bear to hear; for to his nature, it is possible; and to his almightiness, it would be endurable; and in the ear of his foreknowledge, it would be a sublime sound: for as he listens from everlasting to everlasting, it is as though voices that are anguish, one moment, are crying aloud with all angels, the next. But indeed with God, past, present and future are one; and to his eyes, in the sowing of tears, there is ripe at once the golden harvest of Joy.

Marham.

Aye, we will think of what our destiny looks to God; and that shall comfort us.

Aubin.

It ought to do. And then we are members of a family. And so we will think what the human race must be in the eyes of God—dying, dying, dying everywhere—spirits that have called upon him, souls that have talked with him, men that have felt themselves his children. And in death, do they all dissipate into nothing?—About this earth are stretched the arms of God; and as he clasps it to himself; is it only an urn filling with human dust? Oh, no! God is infinite; and there must be infinity in every purpose of his; and man is the only creature, through whom that infinity can be answered, in this world. A world made for nothing! That is not to be thought of. And made for nothing it will have been, without man is immortal. In all probability, and in all certainty, this earth will perish, and so will every daisy, and oak-tree, and animal, and bird, and fish: and all will be as though this world had never been; unless there is a survivorship of souls.

Marham.

And that there will be. Blessed be God.

Aubin.

Aye, and through our souls, through what we have had to do with it, through what it has been to us, through our memories, the earth itself is eternal, and so again, has not been made in vain. Either this world is a folly, or man is immortal. Man's future life is the wisdom of the universe; and so, doubt it we must not, and we cannot.

Marham.

Oliver, dear Oliver, your words are too positive. I do not mean that they are not most blessedly true. But perhaps as to what the Divine purpose in the world must be, we should not be confident, but only confidently trustful.

Aubin.

Uncle, you are right. Still it is pleasant—the way in which the end of the world points on to the immortality of man.

Marham.

So it is.

Aubin.

So as for herself not to have been made in vain, the earth asks another life for men, and one to outlast her own.

Marham.

And it is theirs; for it is promised them.

Aubin.

So many things are such witnesses of human immortality; even sin is, and in letters that are like red iron in the dark. Often into a sinner there is burnt what convinces him, that his soul may be changed, but can never, never die.

Marham.

Awful, very awful proof of a hereafter! And yet most of us can guess at it out of our own experience.

Aubin.

So we can. In the very abasement of our nature, we are consciously immortal, and so we are in our highest moods.

Marham.

But in them, we may be deceived; for they are our proudest.

Aubin.

I was thinking of those only that are our purest.

Marham.

Right. And it is certain, that whether visible or not, all souls must have in them fore-tokens of their infinite continuance.

Aubin.

Especially towards death; some souls, as it were, plainly going home, in going out of this world. And there are some who die, and are followed by their works, and not only by them, but by their righteous sufferings—witnesses that cry aloud, along with the souls of the martyrs under the altar, 'How long, oh Lord, holy and true, dost thou not judge?' But judgment there will be; and the day of it is appointed, so we can be patient, and be earnest in getting ready for it.

Marham.

Oliver, what are those verses you repeated, last night, when looking out of the window?

Aubin.

What I remember of a translation from Uhland. They are expressive of inpatience for death; and yet I like them. They are what an old man might well say, looking up at the stars, on an autumn night, with the leaves falling about him—

O golden legends writ in the skies!
I turn towards you with longing soul;
And list to the awful harmonies
Of the spheres as on they roll.

O blessed rest! O royal night!
Wherefore seemeth the time so long,
Till I see you stars in their fullest light,
And list to their loudest song?

In the day we do not see the stars; but night brings us in sight of them; and that night of nights, the night of death, will carry us up to them, and through them, and beyond them, and into the bosom of the Father: as we may well believe.

Marham.

Amen, amen!

THE KINGDOM OF CHRIST TO INTRODUCE JUSTICE INTO THE SOCIAL RELATIONS OF MANKIND.

There is a power yet to be elicited—a power proper to our holy religion, and most characteristic of it, and which the new imminent perils of the social system throughout Europe, seem to be bringing into activity. What we intend is something more stern than the sympathy which the Gospel generates, and more serious than the zeal which it inspires; we mean—that sense of Right which it solemnly authenticates, which it will yet bring to bear not simply, as heretofore, upon the individual behaviour of men, one towards another, but upon the relationship of class to class, throughout the social system, and the momentous operation of which will, as we conjecture, give a character to those revolutions that are impending upon the civilized world. Christianity, we believe, is now about to do for civilized communities that which no political reforms, and no political philosophy, and certainly no insurrections, can ever effect

From the Bible we shall never be able fairly to extort any such things as a criminal code or a system of taxation, or a scheme for regulating or for restricting the employment of capital; it was given to the world for no such purposes. But is it therefore not available for giving effect to those measures of amelioration which a ripened political science shall point to and authenticate! We are confident that it is thus available, and believe, as we have said, that the present urgent perils of the country are the means destined for bringing out, from the depths of the Christian System, those long latent energies of Justice, apart from which the clearest demonstrations of political science will never take effect. National perils, and the distresses of classes, while they compel political science to ripen and to promulgate its conclusions, shall, with a sort of convulsive throe, call out and bring into operation, a salutary force from the Christian Code. Political Science shall determine what *is* Justice, as between class and class, and shall tell us on well ascertained grounds of experience, what those measures are, which may be looked to for securing to each class its well-being: and then a hitherto unknown and unimagined intensity imparted to Christian principles, shall break down all opposition and shall bring out in fact, the true and the good in the stricture of society.

It cannot have escaped the notice of intelligent readers of the Bible, that in almost all those passages, as well of the New as of the Old Testament, which the devout mind clings to as predictive of ultimate felicity for the human family, there appears, at the end of the vista of hope—a tribunal of Justice. We entirely put out of view every one of those passages which, on grounds of reasonable interpretation, should be regarded as bearing upon the adjudication of men, individually, at the tribunal of an after life. We now refer to those passages only which it is scarcely possible to understand otherwise than as prophetical of the condition of the nations of the earth. The Messiah's kingdom, in this world (we are implying no opinion as to what is called "the personal Reign"), this kingdom of the son of David is spoken of in terms which convey, as its distinctively characteristic feature, the idea of a stern administration of JUSTICE, and of Justice for heretofore oppressed classes.

Hitherto Christianity has won its praise, and has demonstrated its heavenly origin, far more conspicuously as an impulse of mercy, and as bringing relief for the wretched, than as a rule of right. So long as the world has been managing its own affairs in its own way, the Gospel has wandered hither and thither over the field, binding up the wounds of the victims of cruelty, and poering in its own oil and wine. But when the time comes for Christ to rule the world, then those offices of mercy which in times past have been its glory shall take a surbordinate place, so that the stern energies of justice may bear away. Is not the forty-fifth Psalm a prediction of Messiah's reign on earth! and what is its tone! it is the very same. A stern and *martial* administration of JUSTICE among the nations is, in a word, what it means; and this is the marking feature, *the note of recognition*, whereby the coming in of a Messiah's kingdom shall be known and shall be hailed by his people:—thus shall the redeemed nations greet the advent—"Gird thy sword upon thy thigh, O Most Mighty; in thy majesty ride prosperously, because of (for the sake of) truth, and meekness, and righteousness, and thy right hand (administrative energy) shall teach thee terrible things." "Thy throne, O God, is for ever and ever; the sceptre of thy kingdom is *a right sceptre.*

The pith of these, and of many other well remembered passages, is this—that at the end, and when the Divine scheme is winding up, and is reaching its long-postponed purpose, the religion of Christ shall bring to bear upon the social and national condition of mankind—a heretofore unthought of developement of the eternal laws of justice. In the midst of that glare of glory which prophetic Scripture instructs and encourages us to look to with eager hope—in the very midst of that heavenly effulgence, there is discernible a symbol sharply defined by its dark contour against the brightness of the vision, and it is the "iron sceptre" of Messiah's kingdom that we there descry. [N. British Review.

JOYS OF ANOTHER LIFE.

We often hear the life of heaven spoken of as a life spent in singing praises, day and night without ceasing. Now, though devotion constitutes the purest enjoyment of which man is capable, the immediate act of devotion would grow tedious, unless the mind could roam abroad and seek new materials for pious thought, new subjects for praise, new fuel to feed the flame of love. This is the case of the Christian on earth. A life of abstract devotion has no charms for him. But it is his aim and his delight to seek out in the course of nature, in the way of providence, in the haunts of men, in the various posts of duty, themes for praise; thanksgiving and love; and then, when he approaches the altar of his God, he lays upon it an offering which every scene, every circumstance of life, has contributed to render rich and fragrant. Thus must it be in heaven. The tree of life must bear divers kinds of fruit, to suit the taste, to expand the mind, to cherish the devotion of those who have passed through unlike scenes of earthly discipline. The reason why we are told so little in the Bible about the joys reserved for the righteous, is, not that they are in their nature inconceivable, but that they are in their variety inexhaustible, so that, should they be set forth in writing, even the world itself could not contain the books that should be written. [Rev. A. P. Peabody.

A JUST DEMAND IN CONTROVERSY.

[From Rev. Dr. Woods' 2nd Letter to Rev Dr. Ware.]

The author, who speaks in your name, has expressly undertaken to give the public the creed of Unitarians. The design is just and honorable. I am utterly unable to conceive what valid objection there can be, against the attempt of any denomination of Christians to make the public acquainted with their views on religious subjects; or, in other words, to exhibit the articles of their faith. The thing is evidently proper in itself, and often necessary, though liable to abuse. With so respectable an example before you, I trust you will be free from any further difficulties on this subject, and will proceed, as occasion may require, to correct any mistaken apprehensions which the public may entertain, as to your opinions, and to make an 'open and manly avowal' of what you believe to be the Christian religion. You owe this to the community. You owe it to yourselves. And it is obvious, that justice in this respect can be rendered to you by none, but yourselves. Other men, especially those who differ from you, cannot be competent to make known your faith, any further than they are instructed and authorized by you. Doubtless you have felt you have had reason to complain of the incorrectness of some Orthodox writers, who have undertaken to make a statement of your views. It is with manifest propriety that you have now claimed the right, and through him who acts as your organ of communication, have exercised the right, of declaring your own opinions. If you are just to yourselves, you will not stop here. Whenever others impute to you opinions which you do not entertain; and whenever they are doubtful as to your faith, or in any way misrepresent it; you will feel that it belongs to you to interpose, and do yourselves justice. And you would think it a gross violation of the rules of christian candor, for any man to declare your opinions to be different from your own serious declaration. Grant me, and those with whom I have the happiness to be united in opinion, the right which you so justly claim for yourselves, the right of forming and declaring our own opinions, and of being believed, when we declare them. We have a claim to the latter as well as to the former, unless there are substantial reasons for questioning our veracity.

By the diligent application of our rational powers to the study of the Scriptures, with the best helps afforded us, we have arrived at some sober, settled views on religious subjects. These views we wish, for various reasons, to declare. And if we would declare them justly, we must declare them in our own language and do what is in our power to make that language intelligible. Where the meaning of the terms employed is doubtful, or obscure; it belongs to us to give the necessary explanations. Where the terms are liable to be understood with greater latitude, than comports with our views; it belongs to us to give the necessary limitations. And where our positions, in any respect whatever, need modifying; it belongs to us to modify them. Further. It is certainly reasonable to expect, when dealing with men of candid, liberal minds, that the language which, in any case, we use to express our faith, will be understood, not in the sense which men of another party might be inclined to put upon it,—but precisely according to our explanations. These explanations, you will understand, do as really make a part of the proper enunciation of our faith, as the words which form the general proposition. Nothing can be more obviously just than all this, especially in relation to a subject which is of a complex nature, or of difficult illustration.

A LAW OF ADJUSTMENT.

As views of a material object may be taken from points so remote or so distinct that they seem at first sight incompatible, and especially as their shadows will be disproportionate or even monstrous, and yet all these will be harmonized together by taking account of the point of vision or the surface of projection, so also all the representations of an idea, even all the misrepresentations, are capable of a mutual reconcilation and adjustment, and of a resolution into the subject to which they belong; and their contrariety when explained, is an argument for its substantiveness and integrity, and their variety for its originality and power. [Newman on Development.

A NECESSARY QUALIFICATION FOR UNDERSTANDING AN AUTHOR.

Men fancy, that though they have never seen Clement or Ignatius, or any other Father before, they are quite as well qualified to interpret the words *leitourgia* or *proothora* as if they knew them and their brethren well. How different is their judgement in other matters! Who will not grant, except in the case of theology, that an experienced eye is an important qualification for understanding the distinction of things or detecting their force and tendency! In politics, the sagacious statesmen puts his finger on some apparently small or not confessedly great event, promptly declares it to be 'no little matter,' and is believed. Why! because he is conceived to have scholarship in the language of political history, and to be well read in the world's events. In the same way the comparative antaomist falls in with a little bone, and confidently declares from it, the make, habits, and the age of the animal to which it belonged. What should we say to the unscientific hearer who disputed his accuracy and attempted to argue against him! Yet, is not this just the case of sciolists, or less than sciolists in theology, who, when persons have given time to the Fathers recognize in some phrase or word in Clement or Ignatius a Catholic Doctrine, object that the connection between the phrase and the doctrine is not clear to them, and allow nothing to the judgment of the experienced, over that of ordinary men! Or again, surely it needs not be formally proved that sympathy and congeniality of mind are concerned in enabling us to enter into another's meaning. His single words or tones are nothing to one man, they tell a story to another: the one man passes them over; the other is arrested by them, and never forgets them. Such is the difference between reading the Apostolical Father with or without a knowledge of theological language."

THE PIETY THE WORLD HATES. It is not true that the world hates piety. The modest and unobtrusive piety which fills the heart with all human charities, and makes a man gentle to others and severe to himself, is an object of universal love and veneration. But mankind hate the lust of power, when it is veiled under the garb of piety; they hate canting and hypocrisy; they hate advertisers and quacks in piety; they do not choose to be insulted; they love to tear folly and imprudence from the altar, which should only be a sanctuary for the wretched and the good. [Sydney Smith.

PREACHING OLD SERMONS.

Said Dr. Beecher, "When I had been in Lichfield ten years, I commenced preaching over my old sermons, because my mind had come to a stand like a ship in a calm, rolling upon the waves, without progress. At that time while riding to the Consociation with one of my Deacons, he asked me it I thought it right for a Minister to preach old sermons, when he was paid for it? I asked him what a minister should do, when he had gone over all the subjects in the course of a ten years ministry, and had accumulated sermons which had been the instruments of revivals? Shall he throw these away, and produce others not as good, in order to have those that have done great good once, after they shall have passed from the remembrance of the congregation, to do no good again? He replied, 'I declare I never thought of that; I never shall oppose the preaching of old sermons again.' And I, said Dr. Beecher, never preached old sermons after that. I convinced him, and he convinced me. Since that I have always, while using my old materials, cast them over and made them new."

A CAUSE OF WEARING OUT. "It often happens that ministers are worn out before they have lived out half of their days, and the reason is, because they don't study. And the reason why they do not study is, that they have not furnished their minds with the mathematics of divinity. They have exercised themselves upon the mere superficies of every object, and having exhausted the materials collected there, they have lost all taste and stimulus for a study." [Dr. Beecher.

REV. T. O. PRESCOTT'S VISIT TO IRELAND.

We have thought our readers would be interested in the following extracts from a letter written by this clergyman of the New Jerusalem Church to the Intellectual Repository. We find it in the N. J. Magazine for October.

It was on Saturday morning, the 29th April, that I landed at Belfast. It was a charming morning, and Green Erin appeared in its verdant beauty. I was delighted with the scenery. I knew of only one receiver of the New Church doctrines in Ireland—this was a widow lady, Mrs. Stuart, residing near Belfast. I soon found her, and was received with great cordiality, as a brother in the Church. The family with whom she was residing were Unitarians, and, having no other place of worship, she was in the habit of attending, in company with them, the Unitarian Church in Belfast. They invited me to accompany them, the next day, Sunday, to church. I accepted the invitation, and was introduced to the pastor of the society, who received me with much kindness, as a stranger and minister from America. It was Communion-day. The next day, Monday, there was also service, as is customary in the north of Ireland, on the day after Communion. Having again accompanied my friends, and again meeting the minister, I was at once,—with the usual liberality of clergymen of that denomination,—invited to preach. I at first declined, on the ground of being totally unprepared at the moment, either by having with me a manuscript sermon, or by previous meditation,—and it was now time for the service to begin. Instantly reflecting, however, that here was an opportunity presented such as might never occur again, I determined to accept the invitation, and trust in Divine Providence for light and strength to go through the duty. I was not disappointed. A passage of Scripture presented itself to my mind, and at once it seemed fully illustrated, and I saw at a glance the general divisions of the subject of which it treated; and when I opened the Word, and began, I felt myself manifestly enlightened and sustained, even to the close. I felt peculiarly grateful for this Divine aid, at such a moment—a critical one, as I felt it to be, in my course in Ireland. When I descended from the pulpit, the clergyman came warmly forward, and congratulating and thanking me, kindly expressed the hope that I would remain and preach for him the following Sunday. Though I had had no thought of staying so long in Belfast, I felt it my duty to accept the invitation. I accordingly preached both morning and afternoon on the Sabbath following, setting forth the New Church doctrines of regeneration, and of the internal sense of the Word. All the discourses seemed to be received with much attention and favor by the audience, and some little spirit of inquiry appeared to be excited. I cannot conclude the account of my visit to Belfast, without an expression of the grateful feelings I entertain for the universal kindness and hospitality I met with on all sides. I was honored with the calls and invitations of ministers of various denominations, Unitarian and Trinitarian, and of several of the professors in the college, as well as of many private individuals,—all of whom, though entertaining theological views so far removed from my own, yet suffered that distinction to make no difference in their kind regard and attentions, but seemed to take a pleasure in meeting me cordially on the broad ground of gentlemanly intercourse and literary taste, and, yet more, of Christian kindliness and friendship. I had heard much, even in my own distant land, of Irish hospitality, and I found these reports fully confirmed by my own experience of it. I shall ever retain a grateful remembrance of the kind reception I met with at Belfast.

One opportunity improved leads to another; it seemed as if Divine Providence was opening the way before me. At the church on Sunday afternoon, there was a lady present from Strabane, a considerable town near Londonderry. Having been introduced to her a day or two after, at the house of a friend, she inquired whether I could not make it convenient to be at Strabane on the next Sunday, for if I could do so, I might be useful there. I readily assented to the arrangement, and after visiting the Giant's Causeway, I reached the house of my Strabane friend on Saturday evening. I was received with the most hearty cordiality—not only by the family of the friend who had invited me, but also by the minister of the society to which they belonged (Unitarian, also,)—a young clergyman who had lately been ordained. It was soon arranged that I should preach on the morrow, morning and evening, which I did, to a small but attentive audience. I had much conversation afterwards with the young minister, whom I found exceedingly intelligent and well-educated, and disposed to listen without prejudice to any views which could be shown to be the truth. At parting, I presented him with a copy of the FourLeading Doctrines, which I happened to have with me.

At Cork resides the celebrated Father Mathew, the "Apostle of Temperance." I paid him my respects, and on announcing myself as a clergyman from America, was received by him with marked attention and regard. He took me out in his carriage to his brother's country-seat, a short distance from Cork, where I dined and spent the evening with him. I regard him as a truly good man,—his countenance shows it. And when at parting, he uttered the words, "God bless you," in an affectionate manner, I [illegible] from the lips of one nominally a [illegible] lic. "The Lord knows his own:" names are of small consideration in His sight. As a memento of my agreeable visit, I promised to send him a copy of my volume of sermons, lately published, which he said he should be most happy to receive.

[From the Christian Inquirer.]

EXCURSION TO PAESTUM.

NAPLES, *July*, 1848.

Leaving Pompeii, we passed by a beautiful road, in which the scenery of Switzerland, on a reduced scale, is wonderfully imitated, to Salerno, a town of 25,000 inhabitants, situated on the delightful gulf of the same name, and which would be greatly celebrated anywhere else than in the neighborhood of the bay of Naples. We passed the night here, preparatory to visiting Paestum the next day. On opening the book of the hotel, on our arrival, we found that a party of Englishmen, among the latest visiters to Paestum, (although two or three months before ourselves) had been attacked by a party of armed brigands, and robbed of all the money they had, and *five* gold watches. Startled at this news, and somewhat dismayed at a journey of twenty-six miles and back, on a hot summer's day, the ladies were persuaded to give up the excursion, and we proceeded by vettura alone. All that remains of the old city of Paestum lies near the extremity of the southern cape of the gulf, twenty-six miles south-west of the city of Salerno: an excellent and level road leads to it, running near the coast of the Mediterranean all the way. About half way from Salerno the road enters a long marsh, having all the features and qualities of the Pontine marshes, desolate, unwholesome, but with spots of excellent soil, covered with a rank harvest. It is now precisely the period of the grain gathering. And on leaving Salerno at half-past four in the morning, we met, two or three miles out of the city, a collection of forty or fifty peasants, men, women, and children, preceded by a gay standard of colored paper flags, with a band of tamborines and fifes, who were celebrating the opening of the harvest, by a procession in honor of the Madonna del Falce, who presides over the grain. As this was a genuine procession, and not got up for spectators, as many of the ceremonies in foreign cities are, it is very interesting.

All along the road we found the fields full of harvest men. The peasants appeared to work in gangs of forty or fifty, men, women, and children. The effect of a long line of laborers, of all ages, clad in every variety of color, all using the sickle, or binding the grain, was exceedingly pleasing. In other places, the grain already brought into the barn-yard, was undergoing the process of cleansing from the husk, by a purely primitive method. Into a circular enclosure of stone, covered with the stalks to the depth of two feet, a dozen or twenty horses were turned loose; a man in the centre, armed with a whip, and another at some point in the circumference, similarly equipped, kept these horses trotting at a dizzy speed about the enclosure, occasionally turning them, with a sudden cry, until they had trampled out the grain. In another place, where ingenuity had advanced a little, a hurdle, or harrow, armed with very blunt teeth, on which sat the driver, was drawn by a yoke of oxen through the grain. In a circle of thirty or forty feet diameter, three of these machines were in rapid motion, threatening each other's instant annihilation, but only threatening, while we watched their wonderfully skilful manœuvres.—Still further on, we saw a father, mother, and daughter threshing grain on a sort of terrace, attached to the farm house. The women divide equally the labor of the field. On this very ride, a gude wife was seen ditching, she mending the wall, while her husband (or lover, perhaps) hoed up the mud.

After the grain is sufficiently trodden, or beaten, or hurdled out, three or four men, with mantles over their heads and faces, to protect them from the dust, go into the enclosure, and with wooden pitchforks, throw the contents over their heads, until as much as possible of the chaff is winnowed away. By the way, wooden shovels, hoes, forks, and ploughs, are most commonly used among the peasants of Italy. The oxen are yoked in an entirely different manner from ours; the yoke being fastened to the horns, and the weight of the load coming upon the head; and not directly ou the shoulders. It is very common to see a large ox, fatter than oxen are ever found among us, yoked ('mated, not matched') with another of half his size, illustrating Mother Goose's rhyme, 'An ox and a half a cow and a calf,' &c. In the same spirit, a donkey of three feet in height, is harnessed in as fellow with a horse of fourteen hands high; and sometimes four abreast, each smaller than his neighbor, forms the team. It is not deemed ed at all necessary that the traces should attach to the cart at right angles, or that the team should be balanced on opposite sides of the pole. On the contrary, the donkey on the left side will be found drawing at an angle of forty-five degrees, and while there is one horse on one side of the pole, there may be three mules on the other side. The distance of these animals from the whipple-tree, is what an Irishman might call promiscuous. The jackass is probably so near under the front wheel, that his *nose* is just against the hind quarter of his fellow-horse; and if there be a team of four, the leaders may be two or three yards or more from the end of the tongue. They have a fashion of hitching on extra horses in the public conveyances, according to the difficulties of the road, which is very sensible, but very strange to an American, accustomed to think that the orthodox number, on plain and steep, is 'four and no more,' for a stage-coach.

It has happened to us to reach the foot of a mountain in the diligence, with four horses; immediately two were added; a mile further up, a span more came to the rescue, and at the last, two or three yoke of oxen were united to the team to overcome the sharpness of the pitch.—The summit attained, oxen and auxiliaries were dismissed, and a single pair of horses retained to steer down the mountain. This would not suffice were not all the public vehicles, and most of the private carriages, furnished with an efficient break, commanded not by driver's foot, but by the two strong hands of the conductor, a personage who in all cases accompanies the coach for this purpose, and for the general direction of the journey. This break is strong and perfect

ly manageable, and saves an infinite amount o neck-crushing work to wheel-horses. The society for correcting cruelty to animals ought to direct their energies to the promotion of its general use in America. Five or three is a much more common number than two or four horses in a vehicle in Italy. The modes of harnessing differ considerably from those in use among us; and particularly in the method of attaching the shafts to the horse. These are shorter, by two or three feet, than our own, extending only t the saddle, which is very heavy, and to this the are fastened at the very end, pointing into the air. They can, of course, be of very little us in holding back the carriage, which is effected by the brake, a wooden apparatus answering t our railroad brake. The vehicles are generally light and ricketty. Loaded down with the immense loads to which they are subjected, they threaten to fall to pieces at the first jolt. But the roads are smooth, and the drivers skilful, and it is astonishing to see how safely they get over the ground. It is not at all uncommon to see a carriage apparently designed for two persons, crammed with eight or ten, lying, sitting, or standing; some asleep and some awake—but drawn by one horse at a furious rate through the crowded streets of Naples. The horses are thin but nervous. The drivers skilful but inhuman in the loads they put on. The favorite ornament of the teamster, or vetturini, is his brass studded saddle. The different parts of Italy vie with each other in the decoration of this portion of the harness. It begins to be gay and prominent in Genoa, but by the time you reach Naples, the saddle has grown into a sort of brass pagoda, glittering in the sun, and looking like a load by itself for a horse's back. In France, the pride of the teamster takes a different direction. The collar is his special care. It is swollen to an immense size, and shagged with fur, and [illegible] like immense hornes, giving the animal, when his head is down, more the appearance of a buffalo, or some "half horse, half alligator" beast than of the quadruped whose name he bears. The whip is an instrument which we think, in America, it requires very little science to use; but the post-boys and vetturini of Italy, prove to you that it admits of an extraordinary culture. In their hands, from a weapon, it becomes a musical instrument. The post-boy plays a tune with his short whip, besides describing all sorts of graceful figures in the air with its lash. You might think him to be lashing his horses to death by the sharpness and frequency of the snapping or the apparent ferocity and accuracy of his aim. But his snapper is probably a bit of soft twine and that he so manages as only just to graze his horse's hair.

The mule and the donkey form the principal means of carrying burdens in Italy. The roads and streets, and mountain ways, swarm with them. Their saddles are so arranged that barrels of wine or oil, three perhaps on each side are tied to them, while on the top of all, ride the driver, his legs bent at a right angle, at the knees, and hanging over the front of his load. A donkey of three or four hundred weight will carry what seems the half of an ordinary load of hay upon his back, with the driver hid in the top of it. Buried beneath immense loads of greens or wood, piles of brush, hay, barrels,—it often seems (early in the morning when the peasant are bringing their industry to market) as if the various products of the country had suddenly been endowed with locomotive powers, and were coming into town of their own accord.

When the load does not allow the driver to surmount it, he sits on the haunches of the beast behind it, with his bare legs hanging nearly to the hoofs of his mule. It seems to be a matter of pure indifference to the Italian peasants how they ride, or on what part of the beast. They sit with equal ease astride or with both legs on one side, and they face front side or rear.

In Tuscany we often saw the women riding man-fashion. It is not to be supposed that the driver always rides. On the contrary, often times we met a drove of loaded mules—a dozen or more—with only one or two men in charge, and those on foot. They have a peculiar note for urging on their beasts in Italy, which cannot be described without trespassing upon the music of the sty.

The method of driving on the continent is very different from, and, we are persuaded, much better than our own. The horses are driven at a regular, steady pace, not hastened down hill, or allowed to walk up, unless the declivity be quite steep. They stop to rest, if on a long journey, only at intervals of ten or fifteen miles, and then only for a moment. They are never watered while travelling. In no case did we see a drop of water given to a horse in the harness. The horses seemed to us to suffer much less from heat than our own, and to make a greater distance with less fatigue. On one occasion we drove, in the heat of July, sixty-two miles with the same horses, between half-past four in the morning, and five in the afternoon, without any apparent loss of spirit in the team, which at first looked as if likely to break down in ten miles. The American way of driving fast and then slowing; stopping to breathe every half hour, then giving water every four or five miles, is, we are confident, the very worst way of using horses on a journey. But we have altogether forgotten Paestum in this long digression touching the modes of locomotion in Italy.

We have already mentioned that a long marsh, deserted in summer on account of its unwholesomeness, extends over the last half of the road between Salerno and Paestum. Until recently, a low forest skirted both sides of the road, in which brigands lurked for hapless travellers. Our courier had passed this road twenty years ago, only a single half hour before an English gentleman and lady were murdered, within a mile of Paestum. Since then, although frequent robberies have occurred, we have heard of no shooting. Every year, more or less travelling carriages are stopped and plundered, and this year more than usual have suffered, so that visitors had almost ceased to go to the ruins. A critical spot, was near the crossing of a river by a ferry. Robbers, hid in the bushes, found a convenient opportunity, as travellers labored up the opposite bank, to stop and plunder them. At present, the government have levelled the forest, and placed a few gendarmes along the road for the protection of travellers, but these precautions are still insufficient. It need not be said, that we drove pretty rapidly over the whole road, and were not without a half-pleasing apprehension of being called upon to deliver the purse we had taken care to make very slender, and yet not so small as to tempt the disappointed thieves to take their prize out of our skins.

On arriving at Paestum, without having encountered any enemy worse than our fears, leaving the courier to make some arrangements for breakfast, we hurried to the ruins, with a ragged boy, of twelve years old, hatless and shoeless, for a cicerone. He was a bright little fellow, who had been brought up upon the antiquities, and was as full of their spirit, as Mr. Oldbuck could have been. In a patois of French and Italian, illuminated by grimace and gesticulations, such as only Italians can use, he did his best to communicate his brimming soul to the visitors, whose fees he reckoned would bear a strict proportion to their admiration. He was a sample of a large class of persons on the continent, whose taste, intelligence, antiquarian lore, and enthusiasm for art, are even ludicrously contrasted with their rags and filth. The genuine feeling for the beautiful or the ancient, not seldom found in the poor sacristan of a village church, or the peasant that dwells near some ruined temple, moves all the sympathy and admiration the traveller possesses, and makes him feel on a true level with his guide, or often come a step or two below him. The eloquent and tender expression of countenance which these rude showmen often exhibit in the presence of a fine picture, fills one with an earnest conviction of the refining and illuminating power of art upon those having no other education than the sight of its beautiful creations.

The ancient Paestum was situated on a plain, surrounded on three sides by mountains, and sloping on the other towards the Mediterranean, which originally washed the feet of the city. Its walls are still perfectly traceable, and in one part, are quite preserved for a dozen rods, in the midst of which the arch of an old gateway still stands in complete preservation. The line of an aqueduct, the pavement of a principal street, the mosaic floor of a temple, itself entirely destroyed, and many masses of ruins are still to be seen scattered over the area of three miles about, which was formerly enclosed by the city walls.

An amphitheatre is likewise still very traceable, although the present high road cuts it directly in two. But the interest of the place resides in the splendor of the three temples, which in a wonderful state of preservation, occupy the brow of the gentle declivity that looks towards the sea. These are arranged in a line with each other, parallel to the shore of the Mediterranean—two of them within a stone's throw, and the third at the distance of a hundred and fifty yards. The remains of still a fourth temple, between the temple of Neptune, the principal one, and the smaller and remoter temple are to be observed. Together, these four edifices must have formed, seen from sea or land, one of the most magnificent architectural exhibitions which ancient art afforded. The temples are all built of stone, in immense blocks, in the severest and simplest Doric, except that the columns are all fluted. They are all surrounded by pillars of gigantic size, with grand architraves, of a noble simplicity, resting upon them. The temple of Neptune which brings the Parthenon continually to mind, is altogether the most majestic edifice we have ever seen; and the wonderful circumstance about it is, that while its antiquity outruns all history, it can hardly yet be called a ruin, so nearly perfect does it remain. The roof is gone, but this is not missed in the front view. The pediments of both fronts are nearly complete, and not a single column of the thirty-six which surround it is wanting. Indeed, it is true of the whole three temples, that their external columns are complete; and they furnish altogether the most splendid show of pillars remaining in Europe. Nothing remains from ancient Rome to be compared with them in beauty or completeness.—Even the Pantheon, though still in [illegible] perfect state of preservation than the temple of Neptune, which was visited as an antiquity before a stone of the Pantheon, the most perfect of all Roman remains, was laid, or probably long before Rome itself was founded. It would be idle to attempt any description of the temples. We can only say that their proportions are wonderfully beautiful and satisfying, and their size places them among the grandest buildings the earth has ever borne. They are the only ruins, in our narrow judgment, which, seen by day-light, meet the expectations, and more than satisfy the wishes, of the unscientific traveller; for they are still beautiful in themselves, which can be said of very few ruins which ask attention on architectural grounds. Situated amid the desolation of the plain, and facing the Mediterranean—so little vexed by any commerce in the gulf of Salerno—they present a wonderful contrast in the ideas of a luxurious and elegant population which they call up, with the desertion and loneliness that reigns around them. Their unknown origin or age, their stupendous size and exquisite beauty, their miraculous preservation, their delightful but solitary situation, and the presence of the few remains of the extinct city that surrounds them, all give the temples of Paestum a peculiar power over the imagination, and present a claim upon the traveller which he will do well not to disown.

On returning to the stone shed, which constitutes the stable and inn at Paestum, we found our courier in a state of unusual despair. The accommodations of the hotel consisted in a single cup and saucer, two plates, an iron spoon or two, one room, which was hen-roost, pig-sty and donkey-yard, besides being stocked with cats, dogs, and a half-dozen beggars, who came to take their chances of pennies and provender. The larder afforded eggs and water and ——, its sole provisions; a broken pitcher served for a tea-kettle, and our own basket supplied tea and rolls. With swine, poultry, cats, dogs and ragged children contending for the crumbs, we ate a scanty meal, and divided the fragments among the motley company of bipeds, feathered and unfeathered; of quadrupeds, bristled and furred, that occupied our breakfast-room, and then, well supplied with coins and mosaics from the old city, set off on our return to Salerno, willing enough to fall into the hands of robbers on the way back, from a scene beautiful and peculiar as Paestum. But with shame are we compelled to acknowledge, that although the gen-d'arms congratulated us on the northern frontier of the Marsh at our escape, as if we were surprised, yet we met nothing in the shape of a brigand all the way home, being none the less persuaded, however, of our own valor and peril, of which we would likewise have the reader fully informed, and profoundly convinced.

CHRISTIAN REGISTER

BOSTON, SATURDAY, OCT. 14, 1848.

EARLY NEW ENGLAND BELIEF ON ATONEMENT AND JUSTIFICATION. — RICHARD BAXTER.

The history of doctrine is a very instructive subject of study. There has taken place, indisputably, a wide departure from the faith of the Puritans on the part of their descendants who yet profess to be Orthodox. The early founders of our N. E. Churches, if they were now alive, would disown the present orthodox churches with far more decision and indignation than the Old School Presbyterians have disowned the New.

In his "Magnalia" Vol. 1. Book 3, Sec. 17, Dr. Cotton Mather states, that "a gentleman of New England had written a book entitled, 'The Meritorious Price of Man's Redemption,' wherein he pretends to prove 'that Christ suffered not for us those unutterable torments of God's wrath, which are commonly called *hell torments*, to redeem our souls from them; and that Christ bore not our sins by God's imputation, and therefore also did not bear the curse of the law for them.'

The General Court of the Colony [thereupon] appointed Mr. Norton to draw up an answer." Dr. Mather goes on to state that Mr. Norton, in that reply, "expressed not his own sense alone, *but the sense of all the churches in the country;* in testimony whereof there was published at the end of the book an instrument, signed by five considerable names, *Cotton, Wilson, Mather, Symmes*, and *Thompson*, who, in the name of others, declare, 'As they believe, they also profess, that the obedience of Christ to the whole law, which is the law of righteousness, is the *matter* of our *justification*; and the imputation of our sins to Christ, (and thereupon his *suffering* the *sense of the wrath of God* upon him for our sin,) and the imputation of his obedience and sufferings to us, are the *formal cause* of our justification; and that they who deny this, do now take away both of these; both the matter and form of our justification, which is the life of our souls, and of our religion, and therefore called the justification of life."

Now who can fail to see that the "gentleman" alluded to, took what is now called the "New School" view, and what is the prevailing faith in the New England orthodox churches! This New School view, then asserted and now maintained, "all the primitive Churches in the country" solemnly and earnestly declared *subversive both of the matter and the form of justification! subversive of the very life of their souls and of their religion!*

In further illustration and confirmation, we quote what Dr. Mather says of a treatise of Richard Baxter's.

"The renowned *Richard Baxter's Aphorisms of Justification*, did then give a great and just offence unto the faithful in this country: albeit, the other more practical and savoury books of that *holy man*, were highly valued in these American regions; and not a few have here blessed God for him and for his labours. It is a grief of mind unto our churches at this day, to find that great and good man, in some of his last works, reproaching some of the most undoubted points in our common faith. We read him unaccountably enumerating among errors which, he says, have corrupted Christianity, and subverted the gospel, such things as these:

'*They feign*, that God made a covenant with Adam, that if he stood, God would continue him and his posterity; and if he fell, God would take it, as if all his posterity then personally sinned in him. *Feigning* God to make Adam, not only the natural father, and the root of mankind, but also arbitrarily *constituted representer* of all the persons that should spring from him. Whence they infer that Christ was by God's imposition, and his own sponsion, made the legal representative person of every one of the elect, taken singularly: so that what he did for them, God reputeth them to have done by him. Hereby they falsely make the person of the Mediator, to be the legal person of the sinner.

'*They forge* a law that God never made, that saith, *Thou or thy surety shalt obey perfectly or die.*

'They feign God to have made an eternal covenant with his Son.

'They feign Christ to have made such an exchange with the elect, as that having taken all *their sins*, he hath given them all *his righteousness*, not only the fruit of it, but the thing in itself.

'They say that by the imputation of Christ's righteousness, *habitual* and *actual*, we are judged perfectly just.

'They talk of *justification* in mere ignorant confusion:—They say that to justify is not *to make righteous* but to *judge righteous.*

'They err grossly, saying that by faith imputed for righteousness and our being justified by faith, is not meant the *act* or *habit* of faith, but the *object*, Christ's righteousness: not sticking thereby to turn such texts into worse than nonsense." All these are Mr. Baxter's words in Defence of Christ, chap. 2.

"These things which our churches, with amazement, behold Mr. Baxter thus calling *fictions, falsehoods, forgeries, ignorant confusions*, and *gross errors*, were defended by Mr. Norton, as the faith once delivered unto the saints: nor do our churches at this day consider them as any other than glorious truths of the gospel. Hence although as on the one side, I have this passage of Mr. Baxter's, in a letter from him written but a few months before he died, *I am as zealous a lover of the New England churches as any man, according to Mr. Norton's and the Synod's model:* so on the other side, the memory of Mr. Baxter is, on many accounts, zealously loved among the churches of New England, yet espousing the principles for their establishment wherein Mr. Norton had appeared; nevertheless inasmuch as Mr. Baxter, just before his entrance into his everlasting rest, requested of my parent then in London, *Sir, if you know of any errors in any of my writings, I pray you to confute them after I am dead*; I thought it not amiss, to regard so far the gospel truths of justification, at this day labouring, as to take occasion from the mention of Mr. Norton's book, to say that in that one book of his, there is a confutation of Mr. Baxter, who seems to oppose those things which the churches of New England judge cannot be denied without corrupting of Christianity and subverting of the gospel."

Here again is modern New England theology, speaking though the lips of Baxter, and opposing principles which the early churches of New England declared could "not be denied without corrupting Christianity and subverting the gospel." What lessons shall we learn from the facts before us! We pass over many to come to one that is the most instructive at the present moment. The modern orthodox Church are perpetually reproaching Unitarians with departing from the faith of the Puritan fathers; with retaining churches, and church property, and church institutions, which of right belong to the orthodox, and should be surrendered to their hands. A party assert this, who themselves have departed from what the early churches of New England most solemnly and with united voice "considered as no other than glorious truths of the gospel," and both "the matter and form of the doctrine of life! It is a poor defence for this party, to set up the declaration, that they differ from their Fathers only on the non-essentials of religion. They have no right to be the judges—no more than have the New School Presbyterians to be judges for the Old School as to what is fundamental in doctrine. The simple fact that the primitive churches of New England declared those doctrines fundamental, from which the modern orthodox Churches in New England have departed in a body, brings the latter into condemnation. The most that they can say is, that they have not departed so widely as Unitarians. But in a mere question of degrees, where any departure is fundamental, it does not matter how far one goes. We say then to our orthodox brethren, descended like us Unitarians from Puritan stock, but who have departed from the Puritan faith,—Thou that judgest doest the same things. And if it is a comfort to you to reproach us, it ought to be a greater comfort to you to obey the scripture injunction, "Bear ye one another's burdens"—as in this case, especially, it is more a matter of justice than of mercy. Every charge you make falls back on yourselves, under circumstances that make it far heavier for you to bear.

For the Register

HENRY WARE, D. D.

Of all the wise and good men whom it has been my privilege to know — and they are many—there is no one, of whom I think with a more unqualified moral approbation than Dr. Ware the elder. So modest, so humble, and at the same time so firm, and with such an inflexible sense of justice. As a teacher, he was clear and decided in his opinions, but never forced them on others. No man could hold more sacred the intellectual freedom of his pupils. In the recitation room at the Divinity School, it would seem as if it were his first object, to train each mind up to habits of self-reliance, that it might learn to make its own way, to form its own opinions by the unbiased action of its own powers. He was careful in his intercourse with young men, not to press and overwhelm them even with just arguments. He labored either to teach them how to exercise their minds in the pursuit of truth, how to examine all sides of a subject, giving its just weight to every consideration connected with it, before settling down into any fixed opinion respecting it. The self-sufficient and hasty were rebuked by his mildness in suggesting matter for their further attention, even when they had arrived at conclusions agreeing with his own. No judge, in presenting a case to a jury, could be more careful not to assume the part of the advocate, but to leave their minds open to a dispassionate decision, on the real merits of the case. In this respect, Dr. Ware was a model teacher.

With nothing of the parade of learning, he had studied thoroughly the subjects on which he taught; but his modesty always made him undervalue his attainments. This must be borne in mind by those who read the following extracts, which I have been kindly permitted to make from a slight sketch of himself, which he drew up in the latter part of life. It is needless to add, that in all his private relations, he was pure, humble and conscientious, careful only not to *overdo* in the education of his children, not to burden them with many rules, not to irritate them by constant checks and restraints, nor to press too earnestly the work of moral or intellectual culture. He unconsciously went before them, a pure example of what they should be, and, furnishing them with all needful helps, trusted much to nature and Providence, for the results.

I hope that the length of the extracts which follow, will deter no one from reading them. It is well for us to dwell on such examples.

MEMORIA.

Jan. 1836. I was born April 1st, 1764, the ninth of ten children of my father and mother. I was a very feeble child; and there was little expectation that I should live through the dangers and struggles of infancy. And I suppose that the feebleness of my infancy and childhood, as is apt to be the case, endeared me to my mother, as it called for more of her care and solicitude. The occasion, however, for any peculiar solicitude was not of long [continuance.] As early as my earliest recollections, I enjoyed the usual health and activity of children of the same age, though not the average strength. I was a puny child, and, till 15, was small and slender;—about that time I began to grow, and at 17 was as large as other boys of the same age.

I have but few distinct recollections of my early years, and those not annexed to certain dates. I had very little advantage of schooling, but was always a favorite of my masters for my quiet timidity, which made me very obedient and observant of rules, and peaceful among my comrades; though no boy of the school was a more intense lover of play. Besides these qualifications to recommend me, I was able to learn with greater ease and quickness than any other boy in the school. I remember to have learned the Multiplication Table of nine figures at a single lesson, at an early age. But it was very little that I had the opportunity to learn, as the school which I attended was kept only from six to ten weeks in the winter. The rest of the year I was employed in such work with my elder brothers on my father's farm as could be performed by a boy of my age. * *

My father died when I was fifteen years old. The portion of his property which fell to my share was $335,33. A few weeks after this event, my two eldest brothers, after consultation with my mother, proposed my going to College; and Nov. 15, 1779, I commenced my studies with Rev. Elijah Brown, the minister of the parish. He gave me my board and instruction for such services as he needed,—the usual services of a boy,—till the next spring; and from that time till I entered college, he gave my board for my services and received for instruction 33⅓ cents per week. I entered college in July 1781, having studied in this manner one year and nine months.

* * It was probably the most unfavorable time in all respects, for receiving an education, that could be selected. The country was exhausted by the Revolutionary war which then approached its termination. * * The discipline of the college was then in a low state. There was no President. Books were not to be had for the classes in any of the departments. The feeble administration of the President who had resigned a short time before, had introduced a laxity of discipline, idleness, dissipation, of course little study and low scholarship. The class with which I entered was small, and of the few of which it was composed, but a small part either came with habits of study or acquired them at college. The prescribed course of study was very imperfect,—the exercises few, compared with those now required, and some of the officers in the habit of neglecting a large proportion of them.

* * * * *

I can look back upon my collegiate life with but a limited degree of satisfaction. The honors I received [the first in his class] were certainly more than enough to satisfy my most extravagant expectation or wishes, and my satisfaction in the recollection of them would be complete, could I be conscious of their having been worthily bestowed. But I do not know that one has less reason to feel humbled and mortified in receiving an honor which he is conscious of not deserving, than in having a merited honor withheld from him.

[After leaving college Mr. Ware took charge of the town school in Cambridge.]

At the same time he says, I commenced the study of divinity, having from the first had a single view to the profession of the ministry. To the business of my school and its laborious duties, I devoted myself with great zeal, and had the satisfaction to know that my services were well received by the children and the parents. The studies of my profession received, of course, only the irregular and desultory attention that could be given to them in the brief intervals of a school in which I was occupied seven hours in a day. * * * *

[April 1st, 1787—his birth-day, being 23 years old, Mr. Ware began to preach and was ordained at Hingham the 24th of October.]

With such preparatory study and discipline as I have stated, that is, with almost none at all, and with extremely imperfect knowledge of the duties and demands of the sacred office into which I was introduced, I immediately entered upon all its solemn and important duties. To fulfill them at all, — still more; to fulfill them so as to satisfy my own conscience, and the reasonable expectations of the parish, required constant and very laborious exertion. I found it accordingly very difficult to make the necessary weekly preparations for the pulpit and to perform the usual pastoral duties of a large parish. * * * * *

With the imprudence and want of fore-thought and calculation so common to young men entering the clerical profession, I entered very early into matrimonial engagements. Ignorant altogether of the value and of the use of money, I soon found by experience, that a salary of $450 was far short of what was necessary for the comfortable support of a family, in the very lowest style of living, which my profession and place in society required. I was accordingly pressed with poverty and obliged soon to resort to the only means which seem to be open to a country clergyman, for supplying the deficiency of his salary; that of keeping boarders, and taking the charge of boys to fit for college. It was a very laborious and irksome life, and less profitable than it should have been. The most painful consideration attending it, was the labor and care which it necessarily brought upon my wife, who, with a feeble constitution, was unequal to the support of such an addition to the labors and cares of a large and rapidly increasing family of little children. * * I could not without deep solicitude and regret see the life of one, endeared to me by pure and kind affection and all the virtues of a faithful wife, wasted away by labors and anxieties beyond her strength and from which it was not in my power to relieve her. It was partly, at least, the hope of being able to provide better for her support, and to relieve her from some part of the labor to which her strength was unequal, that made me willing to accept the offer of a Professorship in college and a removal to Cambridge. But it was too late. The seeds of a fatal disease were already sown and had taken deep root.

* * * * *

In an entry made in his journal in 1832, Dr. Ware speaks of his 'extreme natural timidity,' 'an indisposition to labor;' and 'very nearly allied to this,' he adds, 'another disposition, against which it is extremely important that we should learn early to struggle—I mean a disposition to put off to a future time what ought to be done now, &c. The purpose is good—a general resolution is formed with entire sincerity—but care is not taken by a vigorous effort to form a habit of present and immediate action. Innumerable and of various kinds, have been the instances of regret and mortification to which I have been exposed from this cause. And this course has acted in combination with another already mentioned—bashfulness and timidity.—How often have I delayed and postponed—deferred to another time, a duty, or a civility, till it was too late—out of season—or I was ashamed to do it—or forgot it; and thus incurred at the same time a loss of the estimation of others, and a loss of self-esteem and self-confidence. And in such cases I had neither the courage nor the proper humility to make my peace and repair the fault by an ingenuous confession. I know of no more fruitful source of mortification and regret to a modest young man; and if he do not resolutely and effectively conquer it while a young man, it will continue to be one of the greatest sources of suffering and drawback to his character through life.

April 1, 1834. Having completed this day the seventieth year of my age, I would turn my mind to serious thoughts and reflections. It is a proper occasion for me to look back upon the past, to exercise a careful self-examination, and to form good resolutions for what of life may yet remain to me.

In looking back upon the past, it is not possible for me to express sufficiently my gratitude to God for the prosperity he has given me. Life prolonged to so great an age; health as sound as at any former period of life, with few of the infirmities of age which make life a burthen; a reasonable competence for the support of life—sufficient to prevent anxiety and not enough to encourage indolence and relieve from the necessity of economy and care—that medium condition which is best suited to virtue and contentment; above all, sources of domestic satisfaction and peace in the character, dispositions, conduct and affections of all the nearest relations of life, unalloyed by a single exception of unamableness of character, personal defect, or misfortune.

With such reasons of gratitude to the giver of all good, for contentment in the allotment of life and for satisfaction and happiness in all those with whom I am most nearly connected; I would institute a faithful examination of myself: as to the gratitude, satisfaction and contentment I have manifested—as to the use I have made of blessings—as to the purposes to which I have applied my faculties, time, means and opportunities of improvement—as to the dispositions and conduct manifested in the relations of life; as to the manner of fulfilling the duties of all the relations. Have I restrained the passions or yielded to them? Have I yielded no indulgence to envy, resentment, jealousy, peevishness, petulance, selfishness, impatience?

Are there faults of character or conduct of which I am conscious, which I can reflect upon only with dissatisfaction and self-condemnation, which yet I have made no effective effort to correct? Have I indulged bad thoughts of any kind, or bad passions as they have risen up, instead of instantly banishing them?—such as I should be ashamed to have it even suspected that I had allowed a place for a moment?

It is my resolution from this day, to exercise a constant watch over myself, with a particular reference to each of the above subjects of self-examination.

April 1, 1839. Five years have passed away since I wrote the foregoing pages; and by the blessing of God, for which I hope I am duly thankful, I am still here, and can still speak as then of unimpaired bodily health; but not as then so confidently of organs and faculties, not perceptibly impaired by age. The last lustrum has witnessed a very sensible decay of all my powers both of body and of mind, and admonishes me more impressively with what rapid speed my life is hastening to its close. My sight which began almost four years ago to fail, by the formation of a cataract in the right eye, has been gradually failing ever since, so that, extending now to the other eye, it has become so dim, as to admit now of my reading but very little, and with great difficulty. My hearing, so far as respects the mere perception of sounds, I cannot perceive to be in any degree impaired.

So modestly and so circumspectly did this wise and good man enter upon the closing period of life. Surrounded by many blessings and grateful for them all; humbled, in thinking of what he had done, by the thought of what he had not done, yet not giving himself up to unavailing regrets, he passed quietly into the helplessness of age, not unconscious of the dimness that was spreading over his faculties, till at length death found him as a little child, ready to be taken up and carried to his rest. J. H. M.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Women of the Scriptures. Edited by Rev. H. Hastings Weld. Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blakiston, pp. 240, 8vo.

This book will take its place among the splendid, illustrated volumes of the day, and from its character as well as appearance will be preferred by very many as a gift book for the sex to whom it is dedicated, and of whom it presents such illustrious examples. Its articles are twenty-nine in number—in prose and poetry. Among its contributors are Rev. Messrs. Weld and Clement M. Butler, Rev. Doctors Potter and Bethune, Mrs. Sigourney, Mrs. Hale, Miss Marie Roseau, &c. &c. The Illustrations—twelve in number—are Sartain's Mezzotints, from original designs by Rossiter. The letter-press, paper, and ornamental binding, complete the attractions.

We have spoken of the work as a gift book for women. The contemplation of examples of female excellence will not only quicken woman to reach forth to higher standards, but make man more respectful, more refined, more manly in his relations to woman become still more worthy of his regard.

We regret that in the work there should be found denominational opinions, presented in an offensive form. Rev. Mr. Butler (Episcopal) on "Naomi, Orpah and Ruth," says,—"Christ invites us to accept him as a substituted victim to the penal wrath of God. Accept or not accept." As though the question of receiving Christ or not, lay in this *mode* of receiving him! Surely the editor must be aware that a large body of New England evangelical Christians, and of the Presbyterian Church also through the United States, as well as Unitarians, reject Mr. Butler's definition of atonement.

Says Dr. Neville (Episcopalian) on the "Syrophenician Woman,"—"If they entertained the honorable views of him [Christ] that this woman did; if they believed him to be the Mighty God the Saviour," &c. As though a Christian—for instance Noah Worcester, or Channing, or Ware—who does *not* believe Christ to be the Almighty God, however else he may be viewed, must be considered behind the Syrophenician woman in reverence and homage! As though there is any evidence, indeed, that even she believed Jesus to be the Almighty God!

My Little Geography. Edited by Mrs. L. C. Tuthill. Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blakiston. pp. 138.

This little book is in the form of Questions and Answers, with descriptive engravings. It has easy, original verses at the end of each chapter, designed to fix in the memory the knowledge acquired. It is difficult to produce a work for the purpose here intended; but Mrs. Tuthill's effort is as successful as anything of the kind that we have seen, and in some respects is superior.

Buds and Blossoms for the Young. By Mrs. Hughs, Author of Aunt Mary's Tales, Ornaments Discovered, etc. etc. With numerous Illustrations. Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blakiston.

To judge from the interest which the reading aloud of the "Gipsy Fortune Teller," and "Mother's Birth Day"—two of the stories—excited in an audience composed of young and old folks, we must pronounce this a capital work. The illustrations are in general graceful, and appropriate, and attractive, and convey a lesson themselves. It is eminently worthy to be a Sunday School book, as well as a gift-book for the young.

The Sunday School and other Poems. By William B. Tappan. Boston & Cambridge. James Munroe & Co., 1848. pp. 251, 16 mo.

This is the fourth and concluding volume of Mr. Tappan's revised Poems, whose intended publication we noticed some weeks since. Mr. Tappan's muse has her chosen seat not on Ida, or Helicon, or Parnassus, but on Mount Zion, and at Siloa's brook. His poetry is pleasing, and purifying, and elevating, and is here presented in a very attractive volume. There are occasional tokens that the writer possesses a power of satire with which he could lash vice and folly very effectually, but in which we know not that he often indulges. We refer to "La Lanterne," and "Verses on a late Anniversary occasion."

Verses of a Life-Time. By Caroline Gilman, author of Recollections of a Southern Matron, Love's Progress, Oracles from the Poets, Juvenile Poems, &c., &c. Boston & Cambridge. James Munroe & Co., 1849. pp. 263, 16 mo.

The contents of this volume are divided into Ballads, Dramatic and other Sketches; Thoughts in Journeying; Hymns; Temperance Songs, Miscellaneous. Open where you will, a rich strain of melody bursts on you,

"Thoughts that breathe, and words that" captivate.

There is variety everywhere, not studied, but natural and unsought; now serious, now mirthful, full of pathos, and always pure and Christian.

The Boy of Mount Rhigi. "Do the Duty that is nearest to you." By the author of Redwood, Poor Rich Man, Home, etc, etc., Boston: Charles H. Pierce, 1848. pp. 252.

A beautiful book, every way—of which we could not say too much in praise, whether in regard to the subject matter, or to the form and face of the book. It is the first of a series to be published by Mr. C. H. Pierce, for the young people of our country. "The history of the Poor boy of Mount Rhigi and his friend Harry Davis, has been written," says the author, "to awaken in those of our young people who have been carefully nurtured, a sense of their duty to those who are less favored; to show them that the ignorant, neglected, and apparently vicious, have the germs of goodness in their souls; that patience, kindness, and affection, will fall like holy dew upon them, nourishing that which God has implanted." When we say that the author is Miss Catharine M. Sedgwick, and that she has never written better, we have said all that we can say. It teaches in the most interesting manner, lessons of truth, honesty, fidelity, industry; of hope, patience, kindness; of successful struggle with difficulties; of redemption from evil. It will impress on the minds of the carefully nurtured and favored young, their duty to help on the cause of goodness. Nor let it be confined to them. We wish a cheap neat edition might be printed, and a copy put into the hands of each of the vast multitude of the ignorant, neglected *Tri-mountain* boys, and boys of other Mounts still, who could not fail to be made better by its perusal. Let every minister at large be supplied with it, through the generosity of those who feel that the safety of the Commonwealth is intimately connected with the generation even now growing up, and who have the desire and the ability to apply any and every means that promises useful results.

New Year's Day, a Winter's Tale. By Mrs. Gore, with Illustrations, by George Cruikshank. Fisher, Son, & Co., London. Charles H. Pierce, Boston. pp. 203.

This is the second of the series above mentioned. It is well written, instructive, affecting, in parts exceedingly beautiful.

Baptism, with reference to its Import and Modes, By Edward Beecher, D. D. New York: John Wiley, 161 Broadway and 13 Paternoster Row, London, 1849.—pp 342.

Dr. Beecher's aim is to establish the position that the word *to baptize* (*baptizo*) as a religious term means at all times *to purify, or cleanse*, and he seeks, through this, to bring into one the churches who have so long been divided on the question of mode. Some of the passages which he examines, are clear enough on his side. They demonstrate that *to purify* is the *secondary* meaning of the word, and the true meaning in that place. And further, we have no doubt, nor have we ever doubted, that the significance of the rite is Purification, and that immersion, sprinkling, pouring, are indifferent modes to symbolize it. But we fear that Dr. Beecher attempts to prove too much, and therefore will not be so convincing. There will be found in this work, philological investigations very minute and able, though perhaps not always conclusive: polemic discussion sufficiently keen; stores of Patristical learning not easily accessible elsewhere, and of great value to the student of the Bible and of Theology: and the whole expressed in a very lucid, direct style, and given to the public in a volume which is unsurpassed for the beauty of its letter press.—

If we made special animadversion on Dr. B's book, it would be that on the question of Purification, he is too bold and positive; for this is a question of degrees, and depends so much on adjuncts, on circumstances, on shades of thought not equally discernible by all, that what seems next to certainty to one, may be only very remotely probable to others.

As to the object sought by him,—a position on which all Christians may stand, and be one in the great principle involved in baptism, with liberty and charity in respect to mode,—every sign indicates its advancement.

The Monthly Religious Magazine, vol. v. Oct. 1848 No. 10. Boston, Leonard C. Bowles.

Rev. Mr. Waterston's Address at the Triennial Convention of the State Normal School at West Newton, also Rev. A. Hill's Sermon, The Day of Preparation—give a high value to this No. of this most excellent Monthly of our denomination.

Brownson's Quarterly Review. New Series, No. viii. Oct. 1848. Boston, Benjamin H. Greene.

Contents. I. Thornwell against Infallibility. II. Conservatism and Radicalism. III. Grantley Manor or Popular Literature. IV. The Pentateuch. V. Doctrinal Developments. VI. St. Dominic and the Albigenses. VII. Literary Notices and Criticisms.

This No. shows Mr. Brownson's gladiatorial strength and skill in debate, his ingenious argument, his clearness, his logic, his felicity and copiousness of language. But he lacks reason while he is perpetually reasoning, he lacks true philosophy while he is constantly philosophizing. His powers are great and varied. He is the Mirabeau in the modern Republic of Letters. But he is wanting in the spirit of Fenelon. In the Article on Conservatism and Radicalism, Mr. Brownson remarks that "in the Boston Quarterly Review he wrote more for the purpose of exciting thought, than of establishing conclusions." That purpose "Brownson's Quarterly Review" still fulfils, and only that, we should judge, both among Catholics and Protestants. But such a purpose is a noble one.

The North American Review, No. cxli. October, 1848. Boston. Otis, Broaders & Co., 154 Washington street.

Art. I.—William's Account of China,—introduces and accompanies some extracts from the work, with generous, and just, yet discriminating remarks on missions, both Protestant and Catholic, with a brief and comprehensive judgment of the merits of the author and his book, and a solution of the problem of the stationary character of the Chinese.

Art. II. Campbell and Stevens: History of Virginia and Georgia,—sketches these two colonies from interesting points of view, but in its remarks on social reform, it is not sound in philosophy, nor true to history; and its portraiture of the agency of modern reform and the truths involved in it might be complained of as caricature, though acknowledged as meritorious in artistic skill.

Art. III.—The Life of William Tyndale,—is a very interesting biographical account of that Reformer, with much of the history of the times, and of other men.—A fact is stated of Sir Thomas More which will hardly allow any one to hold him up as a paragon.

Art. IV.—Novels of the Season,—is a brilliant criticism of eight of them. There is a good deal of folly flying for the writer to shoot at, and his aim is very fatal.

Art. V.—Mill's Political Economy,—discusses largely and ably the merits of that work. The reviewer, while he does not agree with Mr. Mill in all his speculations, regards him, on the whole, as unquestionably the ablest, the most comprehensive, and the most satisfactory expositor of the whole science, that has appeared since the days of Adam Smith.

Art. VI, is a very interesting notice of Lord Sidmouth, with anecdotes of his contemporaries, Pitt, Wilberforce, Scott, Belsham, &c. We cannot forbear an anecdote of *Wilberforce.* "Lord Sidmouth" says his biographer, "told us, some one remarked, "I wonder how Wilberforce voted last night!" On which Lord Liverpool observed, "I do not know how he voted, but of this I am pretty sure, that in whatever way he voted, he repents of his vote this morning." Lord Sidmouth added, It was odd enough, that, no sooner had I returned to my office than Wilberforce was announced, who said, "Lord Sidmouth, you will be surprised at the vote I gave last evening, and indeed I am not myself altogether satisfied with it." To which I replied, "My dear Wilberforce, I shall never be surprised at any vote you give." Pursuing the conversation I soon convinced him that he had really voted wrong, when he said, 'Dear me! I wish I had seen you last night before the debate.'"

Art. VII,—Coquerel's History of Protestantism in France; Art. VIII.

ELLSWORTH, MAINE.

We are gratified to know that Rev. Farrington McIntyre is rendering excellent service to this newly gathered flock—that their numbers are on the steady increase—that all parties seem entirely satisfied with Mr. M., and that the desire seems to be universal that no interruption may occur in the excellent work which our distant brother is prosecuting so successfully.

This town really requires another religious society to get any fair proportion of its population within church-walls. Our friends there are abundantly able to sustain themselves. The place itself is romantic in scenery and growing in population. Another religious congregation would do the existing ones good, as well as renew the heart of the place, and surround it with healthful and moral influences. No young man could possibly do a greater service to the good cause, or more certainly count upon a rich harvest from a faithful sowing of the true seed.

H.

THE AUTUMNAL CONVENTION AT NEW BEDFORD.—Our readers will, we trust, make special efforts to attend the Convention at New Bedford, next week. The place is an additional motive to command their presence at a meeting which has not failed to be deeply interesting and most profitable. We learn that the services of Rev. Mr. Thomas' installation are to take place on Tuesday evening—the sermon by Rev. T. T. Stone, of Salem.

We are also requested to state, that all persons attending the Convention are desired to report themselves upon arrival, at the Centre Chapel, near Market Square, on Sixth Street.

The Rail-road fare from Providence and Boston will be reduced to half price for those who may wish to attend the Autumnal Convention during the coming week.

Tickets may be obtained in Boston of the Rev. Mr. Holland at the office of the Association; and of the Rev. Mr. Osgood at Providence.

☞ Mr. Liberty Billings, of Maine, recently of the Meadville Theol. School, will be ordained Pastor of the Unitarian Church in Peterboro', N. H., Oct. 25th next. Rev. E. Peabody D.D. will preach the sermon.

Rev. Dr. Abbot has resigned his connection as Senior Pastor.

☞ We are requested to state that the "Obituary in the Christian Register" of Sept. 30, was written by a gentleman, but by a lady who initials the same with his own. When there occasion again to use their initials, the last letter in the name will be appended, to prevent mistake.

☞ Rev. T. Starr King, Pastor of the Universalist Church, Charlestown, has accepted a call to the Hollis street Church in this city.

CORRECTION.—In the obituary notice of Mrs. Ward, for "Ward," read *Ware*.

INSTALLATION. Installed, at Walpole, N. H., Wednesday, the 28th ult., over the old Congregational Church and Society, Rev. Wm P Tilden. Introductory Prayer and Reading of the Scriptures by Rev. T. N. Knapp, of Brooklins, Mass. Sermon by Rev. A.A. Livermore, of Keene, from Acts, iv. 12—'Neither is there salvation in any other: for there is none other name under Heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved.'—Installation Prayer by Rev. J. Crosby, of Charlestown. Charge by Rev. L. W. Leonard, of Dublin. Fellowship of the Churches by Rev. Mr. Brown, of Williamsburgh. Address to the Society by Rev. Mr. Hemenway, of Marsh, of Windsor, Vt. Concluding Prayer by Rev. Mr. Livermore.

The proceedings of the council were harmonious and satisfactory—the several performances in the church creditable to the reverend gentlemen who officiated, and the music good. The Society, with invited guests, repaired to the Academy Hall, where an entertainment was prepared—the table groaning under the good things provided. The Rev. Mr. Barstow, of the Orthodox Church, craved the blessing, with a very happy allusion to the services of the union consummated, to which every heart responded. In view of the general good feeling manifested, and the too many changes in the ministry, a sentiment was given at the close, which was well received, that the *average* of conjugal union in the Christian Societies in Walpole, may be *extended* in the future. [Keene Sentinel.

DEATH OF REV E. R. TYLER, EDITOR OF THE NEW ENGLANDER. Died in this city yesterday, Oct. 28th, very suddenly, Rev. Edward R. Tyler, Editor of the New Englander, aged forty-eight.

Mr. Tyler was born in Brattleboro', the son of Hon. Royal Tyler, who was for many years the Chief Justice of the State of Vermont. He graduated at Yale College, with honor, in the class of 1795. He pursued theological study chiefly at Andover; and for many years with ability and usefulness, filled the office of a Congregational pastor, first in Middletown, and afterwards in Colebrook, in Connecticut. He was for a few years editor of the Congregational Observer, a weekly religious paper published at Hartford; and since January, 1843, has been editor and proprietor of the New Englander, which, in conjunction with other gentlemen, he originated and established.—[New Haven Palladium, Friday.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

ARRIVAL OF THE CAMBRIA.—This steamer reached her moorings at East Boston about 10 o'clock last Friday forenoon, after a passage of 12 days.

ENGLAND.—The Chartist papers speak of imposition to execute orders for manufactured goods, and of the probability that many of the factories must resort to 'short time.' The corn-market had slightly advanced, and the prices of potatoes much increased. The weather, however, continues in the highest degree favorable for the ingathering of the crops—what they are—in good order. All is apparently quiet in England. The arrests of the Chartists, which to some extent are still made, produce no excitement.

IRELAND.—It is certain that the scarcity of food will be great in Ireland, the coming winter, if not calamitous. The Southern Districts continue still in a disturbed state. A speech reporter of the Dublin Freeman's Journal thus writes:

I may state generally that for the last week a body of seven or eight hundred persons have been moving about the chain of hills which form the boundary line between the counties of Waterford, Tipperary and Kilkenny. They sometimes assemble at night in large bodies, and separate before day in detached parties of twenty or thirty, a large number of whom were, as I am informed by a most respectable Catholic clergyman, forced through threats of maltreatment, or the destruction of their property to join. Of this also I think I may speak in rather confident terms—they have neither political leaders nor political designs. Those who again led into action the excited passions of the people of this part of the country, were persons who were stimulated to outrage by the utter prostration of their hopes as to the success of the potato crop this year.

You may rest assured that this is one of the chief impelling causes of the present state of things. The poorer classes of farmers were never accustomed to look upon the grain crop as their own—that was the landlord's. *Their's* was the potato, and when they found the one threatened to be, and in many places actually carried away from them, and the other again mysteriously destroyed, their patient endurance of similar privations for the past two years, gave way, and they became utterly reckless. The advice of the clergy lost its accustomed influence, and, in the words of the Rev. gentleman to whom I have already referred, 'they answered our most earnest admonitions by asking (*more Hibernico*). What worse can happen us?' Then the middling classes of farmers were unable to employ all the laborers who looked for work and wages, and those who were disappointed flocked, by almost natural instinct, to join every predatory horde that held out the prospect of feeding them, no matter at whose expense. With all these elements of social eruption came the impulsive excitement of proclamations, prosecutions, special commissions, 'flying columns,' and so forth, and out of all this combination has arisen the gatherings which are made the theme of so many dissertations on the disaffected spirit and rebellious tendency of the Celtic race in the South of Ireland. The movements of these people who, to use the common phrase here, are 'out,' are most difficult to trace, and the police and military are generally put upon the wrong scent, as if for the purpose of harassing and disappointing them.—Alarms are given every day, and 'private information,' which only misinforms, causes the troops to be worried very much.'

One feature is particularly observed upon by almost all the writers for the public press in Ireland: there seems to be a growing feeling of disrespect towards the clergy on account of their conduct during the late outbreak.

There is a marked difference in the majority of emigrants from Ireland during the present season as compared with that of the years 1846-7. The class of emigrants who took shipping at Dublin since January last was composed chiefly of small farmers from the interior, or tradesmen, shopkeepers, and dealers from this city and the adjacent towns; while those who went to seek their fortune from this afflicted country, in the years 1845-7, were mostly composed of the laboring and cottier classes, who had been supplied by their landlords with the means of transit to the New World. The present season is now drawing to a close, and according as the time becomes contracted, the activity of the emigrants is on the increase, not because destitution is on the increase, as it undoubtedly is, nor because the liberality of landlords has become restricted, but mainly because of the social disorganization of the country, paralyzed as it is, and in a state of collapse, by reason of the political commotions by which its very vitals have been, and still continue to be, distracted.

FRANCE.—The sky is overcast again with threatening clouds, and there may be more destruction at hand—more bloodshed—before permanent tranquility shall be secured. It is said that *Gen. Cavaignac* is now losing his popularity.

The discussion on the constitution has continued daily in the National Assembly. The question of the right to labor, contained in the preamble, was decided by the adoption of the following preamble:—

The duty of the Republic is to protect the citizen in person, his family, his religion, his property, his labor, and to place within the reach of every one that instruction which is indispensable to all men; to assure, by a fraternal assistance the existence of necessitous citizens, either by procuring them employment within the limits of its resources, or in giving, in default of family, relief to those who are unable to work. With a view to the accomplishment of all those duties, and for the guarantee of all those rights, the National Assembly, faithful to the traditions of the great assemblies which have inaugurated the French revolution, decrees as follows the constitution of the Republic:

The first, second, third and fourth articles were adopted. The fifth article, 'Capital punishment is abolished in political matters,' was adopted after considerable discussion. An amendment for abolishing capital punishment altogether, was rejected. The seventh article is as follows:

'Every body may freely follow his religion, and shall receive from the State equal protection in the exercise of worship. Ministers of churches now recognized, or hereafter to be recognized by law, have alone right to receive salary from the State.'

An attempt was made to strike out the second sentence, which failed, and the article was adopted as above.

The 8th article, recognizing the right of association, and of assembling peaceably and without arms, and of manifesting opinions by the press and otherwise, was then brought forward, and after much discussion was adopted, as was also the 9th and 10th articles.

Louis Napoleon has been elected at the head of the poll in the department of the Seine; and his return is announced for the departments of the Orne, the Tonne, the Charente Inferieure, and the Moselle, whilst no doubt exists of his success in Corsica.

During the progress of the elections the greatest excitement prevailed in Paris. Previous to Sunday, the 17th, (the day fixed for the election,) the votes of the invalids and troops were taken, and these were even more favorable for Louis Napoleon than even his warmest supporters could have imagined.

A writer in a Paris paper of the 20th ult. says:

The conviction on the mind of every man I meet is, that if the Prince makes no false step, he will be elected President of the Republic.

There was a vast excitement last night in the streets. The boulevards were as crowded as on the nights proceeding the insurrection of June. Heavy patrols passed at brief intervals, but did not interfere, and no disturbance took place.'

The ultra republicans are getting up a demonstration for the 22d September, in commemoration of the 22d September, 1792, which was the day of the foundation of the Republic.

Some apprehensions of disturbances appear to be entertained and provided for by government. The funds fell one-half per cent. on the Bourse, although all the foreign news was favorable for the maintenance of peace.

The latest accounts from Paris are to the evening of 21st. A letter of that date says:

'The fears of the Government have happily proved, at least for this day, groundless. The tranquility of the capital has not been, so far as I have learned, disturbed; nevertheless the greatest agitation prevails. The Boulevards, from the Port St. Denis to the Bastile, have been the theatre of numerous assemblages of the populace to-day. The Government continues under apprehension of a movement, and the troops are all consigned to their quarters. The town will be overran to-night with strong patrols in every quarter."

A meeting was held at the Rue de Poiters last night, at which it was resolved that no opposition should be made to the admission of Prince Louis to the Assembly.

The club of the Institute has also decided to offer no opposition to Prince Louis, so that no doubt remains as to the verification of his powers.

AUSTRIA.—Vienna has again been the scene of disturbances, and democracy has triumphed. A certain Swobada set on foot, about two months since, a *soi-disant* philanthrophic society for the benefit of his fellow-men,—the ultimate object in view being his own profit. He issued notes at two florins each, which notes, according to his prospectus, might increase in value to the amount of 100 florins. The bearers of these notes endeavored to pass them as current, under the delusion that they were guaranteed by the State; the State refused the guarantee, and the consequence was a tumult. On the 12th instant thousands assembled before the palace of M. Dobblhoff, the Minister; drums beat, the soldiers of the line were ordered out, preparations for barricades made; and order was only restored by M. Dobblhoff issuing a proclamation promising to cash the obnoxious notes.

Subsequent accounts inform us that martial law has been proclaimed at Vienna. The Constitutional Assembly declared itself in permanency, and many thousands of armed students and national guards assembled near the University.

During the day martial law was proclaimed by the Ministry, but this only added fuel to the excitement of the populace. All the gates were occupied by the national guard, the communications intercepted, and an imposing force drawn up before the House of Assembly.

The accounts from Rome have been growing more and more untoward, but the advices through the French papers suddenly take a very gloomy turn:—

"On the 1st and 2d September, 'the time of proscription' commenced. Several obnoxious individuals, including the Advocate Fontano, were marked out for assassination, and either severely wounded or slain by the dagger or the pistol. The number of victims on the 1st included seven killed and four wounded, and the list of proscription included about eighty individuals. On the 2d all government was at an end; and 'how it will terminate,' concludes the writer, 'God only knows,'"

RUSSIA. A St. Petersburgh letter, of the 3rd, states that the cholera, which had been gradually diminishing in virulence, was again slightly increasing. In the other provinces of Russia afflicted with this disease it is making great ravages; in some of them as many as between 5000 and 6000 persons are carried off by it weekly.

An emeute, which at first looked threatening, broke out among the poorer population, who have become desperate on finding the cholera re-appearing among them, and who had got up the cry that the Diet was in a conspiracy to poison them. Large assemblages were collected, and the troops were ordered out. Barricades were raised, and just before the *melee* was about to commence, the Emperor appeared, and having dismounted from his horse, took his standing on the first barricade, and assured the people that the chastisement was of God's infliction, and must be submitted to with resignation. This had the desired effect; the troops were ordered to retire, the barricades were immediately destroyed, and the insurrection was at an end.

THE CHOLERA.—A letter from Paris, dated Monday evening, says: "Yesterday and to-day several cases have appeared, which are said to have all the symptoms of Asiatic cholera, but in a mild shape. A medical gentleman informs me that he has two cases of what he calls *cholera asphyxia*, and that in both cases the patients are likely to recover."

A letter from Hamburgh of Sept. 15th says: "A number of violent cases of Asiatic cholera have already occurred, principally among the lower orders of the people. Altogether there have been about 280 cases within a period of fourteen days since the disease made its first appearance. About half of that number are convalescent. Every precaution has been taken by the authorities to prevent, as much as possible, the contagion."

Accounts from Constantinople of the 31st ult., state that the cholera was still raging.

Letters from Smyrna of the 2d instant state that the cholera was making great ravages, but it was hoped that it had passed its culminating point. The deaths which for some days amounted to upwards of 100 daily, came down to the 29th to between thirty and forty, and the last accounts were satisfactory. At Magnesia, Cassaba, Salonica, and other places, the ravages of the epidemic were also very great. At Salonica the deaths were upwards of a hundred daily, and many foreigners had fallen. At Larissa, Seres, and Bitalia, the cholera is also raging with great intensity, and great numbers were dying.

Letters from Beyrout of the 25th August state that the cholera is decimating the inhabitants of Aleppo, Damascus, &c.

The cholera continues to spread at Berlin. There have been upwards of 1800 cases since its appearance.

TALKING POWERS OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.—The speeches delivered from the 23d of November to the 9th of June inclusive, fills no less than 6420 columns of *Hansard*, measuring about 1432 yards, or nearly one mile of speeches. The aggregate speeches of the session cannot have added less than a mile and a half to the oral eloquence of England. Whatever defects may be attributed to Parliament, its capacity of talking cannot be denied.—[London Daily News.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL AND THE DISSENTERS.—We are enabled to state, that preparations are already making by the Dissenters of the metropolis for organizing an effective opposition to the anticipated measure of Government for the endowment of the Irish Roman Catholic clergy.

UNPOPULARITY OF THE POPE. In the drawing-room of an Italian gentleman, residing in London, where many of his countrymen, are in the habit of meeting every week, was a statue of the Pope. At the last meeting of the Italians, the head of it was removed, and there was substituted for it the head of a boat.

LANDLORDISM IN IRELAND.—The London Dispatch gives the painful picture of the work of depopulation, now going on in the South of Ireland, and especially in the county of Limerick and county Clare, under the supervision of the landlords. More than one thousand houses have been demolished. The houses are tumbled, and the unfortunate people are squatted by the roadside in huts.

☞ FAIR AND TEA PARTY. The Ladies of the Indiana Street Church, (Rev. Mr. Fox, Pastor,) will hold a Fair and Tea Party on the 24th, 25th and 26th insts.

A large variety of useful and ornamental articles, fine specimens of sculpture, books, stationery and engravings will be offered for sale. The Refreshment Room will be open each day and evening. Vocal and instrumental music will be provided.

The patronage of friends of the Indiana Street Society and of the public is respectfully solicited.

P. S. A list of the more valuable articles to be disposed of with further particulars will be advertised hereafter. oct14

☞ MASSACHUSETTS CINCINNATI. The Standing Committee of the Massachusetts Cincinnati, in conformity with a vote of the Society, give notice to the WIDOWS and ORPHANS of deceased members—and to such of their BRETHREN, who need assistance, to make application to either of the Standing Committee, on or before Wednesday, November, the first, 1848.

THE COMMITTEE.

General Henry Barbeck, *New London*, Dr. Joseph Prescott of *Holliston*, Hon. Charles S. Davies, *Portland*, Hon Elijah Vose, *Dorchester*, Hon. Henry A. S. Dearborn, *Roxbury*, Zibeon Hooker, Esq., *Sherburne*, Rev. A. L. Baury, *Newton*, Lovel Peters, Esq., *Westborough*, Edmund T. Hastings, Esq., *Medford*, Seth Drew Esq., *Kingston*, Messrs. Robert G. Shaw, Wm. Perkins, John Bryant, Thos. Jackson, Adams Bailey, John Homans, Henry K. Hancock, and Thos. Seward of *Boston*, are by this advertisement, notified to meet in the UNITED STATES HOTEL, in this city, on Wednesday, November the first, 1848, at ten o'clock, A. M.

ADAMS BAILEY, Recorder.

Boston, Sept. 30, 1848. 5tis

☞ THE MAINE MINISTERIAL ASSOCIATION, will hold their next meeting at Saco, at the Thornton House, on Monday and Tuesday, 23d and 24th of October. Public Exercises to be on Tuesday evening. sept30

☞ AUTUMNAL CONVENTION. The Committee of Arrangements hereby give notice that the Autumnal Convention of Unitarian Christians, will be holden in New Bedford on Tuesday and Wednesday, 17th and 18th October commencing on Tuesday, at 5 o'clock, P. M.

A. HILL,
Chairman of Committee of Arrangements.

Worcester, Sept. 16, 1848.

☞ MIDDLESEX SUNDAY SCHOOL SOCIETY. The Annual Meeting of the Middlesex Sunday School Society, will be held at Weston, in the Church of Rev. Dr. Field, on Wednesday, Oct. 11th, at 9, A. M.

The Exercises of the morning will consist of a Report on the condition of the Schools, connected with the Society, and a discussion; the Officers of the Society will also be elected.

At 2, P. M., there will be religious services in the Church, and a Discourse will be delivered by Rev Wm Barry, Pastor of the Second Unitarian Society in Lowell.

All friends of the cause of Sunday Schools are earnestly invited to be present.

THEODORE H. DORR, Sec'ry pro tem.

sept30

☞ TEACHERS' SOCIAL UNION. There will be a meeting of the Union at the Chapel of the Church of the Savior, on Monday evening next, October 16th, at 7 o'clock.

Question: What relation should exist between the Sunday School and the Church of Christ?

oct14 T. GAFFIELD, Secretary.

☞ The WORCESTER ASSOCIATION, will meet in Worcester, at the House of Rev. Mr. Hill, on Tuesday, October 24th, at 5, P. M.

T. PRENTISS ALLEN,
oct14 Scribe of the Association.

☞ AUTUMNAL CONVENTION. Brethren and friends desiring to attend the Convention at New Bedford, October 17th, can obtain tickets at half the usual rate by early application to the Secretary of the Unitarian Association, 111 Washington st. oct14

☞ THE ANNUAL SERMON, in behalf of the Fatherless and Widows' Society, will be preached by Rev. Dr. Sharp, in Central Church, Winter Street, next Sunday evening, 15th inst.

Services to commence at 7 o'clock.

At the close of the services, a contribution will be taken up in aid of the Society. The pews in the centre of the Church will be reserved for gentlemen. oct14

MARRIAGES.

In this city, 27th ult, by Rev Mr Barnard, at the Warren street Chapel, Mr Samuel Dunbar to Miss Ann Dodge; 2d inst, Mr Patrick Dwyer to Miss Mary Carter.

5th inst, by Rev Dr Young, Mr William H. Stoddard to Miss Lucy S. Bacon, all of this city.

In Charlestown, 4th inst, by Rev George E. Ellis, James F. B. Marshall of Honolulu, Sandwich Islands, to Martha A. T. Johnson, daughter of the late John Johnson, Esq., of C.

In Brighton, Oct. 1st, by Rev Mr Whitney, Mr George W. Reed to Miss Lucy S. Niles.

In Dedham, 4th inst, by Rev Dr Lamson, Gustav H. Kissel of New York to Miss Charlotte Ann, daughter of Dr J. Stimson of D.

In Medfield, Oct. 2d, in Rev Mr Robinson's Church, by Rev Dr Allen of Northboro', Mr Henry Sanders Brown of Milwaukie, Wisconsin, to Miss Lucretia Richardson James, eldest daughter of Walter James, Esq., of Medfield.

In Salem, Oct. 6th, by Rev Dr Flint, Mr Edward S. L. Richardson of Kendall, Illinois, to Miss Harriet E. Norris of S.

28th ult, Mr William A. Briggs to Miss Susan P. Goodale.

In Taunton, 3d inst. by Rev Mr Brigham, Mr Robert Crossman to Miss Martha L., daughter of Leonard Hall, Esq.

In Portsmouth, N. H., Oct. 2d, by Rev Mr Peabody, Capt James H. Salter, to Miss Margaret W. Pray, daughter of the late Capt Samuel Pray.

DEATHS.

In this city, on Friday evening, Oct. 6th, Pelham W. Warren, Esq., formerly Clerk of the House of Representatives and afterwards President of the Railroad Bank at Lowell, and for a few years past a Broker in this city, 51. He was a very estimable man.

Oct. 2d, of consumption, Mr Joshua M. Weeks, 54.

Oct. 11th, Mrs Sarah Brackett, 87.

Oct. 11th, Miss Sarah Fernald, formerly of Portsmouth, N. H, 48.

At Cambridgeport, Sept. 18th, Mrs Caroline P., wife of Rev John F. W. Ware, and daughter of Nathan Rice, Esq., 28.

In Cambridge, Sept. 26th, Mrs Desire Lincoln, relict of Dr Levi Lincoln of Hingham, 78, and mother-in-law of Nathan Rice, Esq.

In Hingham, 3d inst, at the residence of Mrs Jairus Leavitt, Mrs Eliza N. Rice, wife of Nathan Rice, Esq., of Cambridge, and daughter of the late Dr Levi Lincoln of Hingham, 52.

In Lynn, Lydia Ann Rebecca, adopted daughter of Ezra and Lydia Ann Newhall, 9 mos; Thomas Webb, son of J. A. and Lydia Breed, 5 yrs 5 mos.

In Westford, 5th inst, aged 11½ months, Sarah Rebecca, the only daughter;—also, 6th inst, aged 2 years 11 months, John Kebler, the youngest son,—children of Edward and Rebecca P. Symmes.

In Cabotville, 16th ult, Mrs Lois Chapin, relict of the late William Rice of Northboro', 69.

In Auburn, Me., Mrs Cynthia M. Record, wife of Lewis L. Record, late of Lowell, Mass.

In Augusta, Me., 5th inst, Charles Pratt, late of Charlestown, son of Mr Daniel Pratt of Chelsea, 22 yrs 8 mos.

"Thou Power Supreme! whose mighty scheme
These woes of ours fulfil,
Here firm we rest: They must be best,
Because they are Thy will.
Then all we want—O do Thou grant
This one request of ours—
Since to enjoy thou hast denied,
Assist us to resign."

In New York city, on the 29th September, Eliza, daughter of Rev H. W. Bellows, 5 yrs.

"We are under the sad necessity of recording as above, the passing away to a better life of a sweet little girl, whose loveliness of character had rendered her very dear to all who knew her, and whose parents, now in England, cannot hear of their loss until they arrive at home. Thus, by the will of Him who doeth all things for good purpose, must they, whose hearts have been gladdened during their journeyings by accounts of the uninterrupted health of all their children, meet on their return this affecting news. The smiles of welcome must be saddened by tears of sorrow, and the anticipated joys of home mingled with the anguish of this bereavement." [Christian Inquirer.

[From the Maine Democrat, (Saco,) June 22, 1847.]

WISTAR'S BALSAM.

A FEW days ago, Mr. Elijah Witham, of Sanford, in our county, being in our office, requested us to publish, for the benefit of the public, his testimony in favor of Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry. In the fall of 1846, Mr. W. was attacked with a very bad cold, which continued to grow worse till March, when he was confined to the house, with little hope of recovery. Hearing of *WISTAR'S BALSAM*, he resolved to try it. He soon found relief—and after taking four bottles, was able to go out and attend to business. He ascribes his cure entirely to the Balsam, and recommends those who use it to persevere, even if they do not at once perceive any beneficial result. We are not in the habit of writing puffs for medicines, and only give this at the request of Mr. W. [Ed. Democrat.

Buy none but Dr. Wistar's, with I. BUTTS on the wrapper.

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POETRY.

For the Register.

BANNOCKBURN.

Red light was in the western sky,
One star was twinkling lone and high,
The evening breeze came murmuring by,'
But not 'mid bending grass to sigh.
The wild flowers it would woo, were crush'd;
At noon the storm had o'er them rush'd,
Fierce hoof, fleet foot! When we came on,
The dews and breezes found them gone.

The wild flowers! were *they* all that lay
Crushed out of beauty 'neath the ray
Of that lone star? alas! there came
That day the dazzling light of fame
Upon the green and peaceful plain,
Bought with red blood, and strife, and pain;
And fearfully abroad were spread
Dark signs of life, whence life had fled.
Aye! the cool breeze but poured its breath
O'er the dim starlight field of death,
And cool'd the burning lip and brow
In shame and agony laid low,
Or call'd back wand'ring sense and life
To the dull eye once clos'd on strife,
Or o'er each youthful hero slain
Crept with its low and dirge-like strain.
Lights from the victor's tent flashed out,
And from the long white camp a shout
Aye and anon rose up, and shook
Faint, wounded frames in every nook
Where they had crept away to die.

But in one stately tent, oh! why
Blazed there no torch, arose no voice
As if to bid the stars rejoice?
The groan—the deep, half-stifled groan—
Of manly sorrow, struggling, lone,
Came from that tent; there sat the Bruce!
The fiery Edward! tigers loose
Not half so fierce in war, the hind
Petted by Beauty not more kind
When to its scabbard went the blade,
And from his brow the helm was laid.
There sat the Bruce—dark, dark, alone!
O'er his rude table wildly thrown
His warrior-arms, and sadly bow'd
His face, and quenched its lightnings proud.
Fast rolled his hidden tears, and grief—
Man's grief—that never courts relief
Till spent in whirlwind agony—
Mixed with his triumph, misery.
He mourned the dead, the one brave youth
His spirit loved with such deep truth
As dwells in young, free, noble hearts
Bound each to each till life departs.
He mourned the dead, and in that hour
Proud thoughts of victory had no power,
The light from Glory's brow had fled,
She could not bring him back the dead!

"My Walter!"—rose the low, deep tones
Blended with choking sobs and groans,—
"They say a glorious battle's won,
"And few are slain; but *thou* art one
"By whose most precious blood was bought
"My victory! Would God had brought
"Deep ruin on my arms this day,
"So *thou* hadst not been snatched away!"

Oh man! blind man! that very morn
Saw in his breast the sole hope born
Of victory! defeat and shame
The only ills whose dread could claim
Averting pray'rs from that proud heart!
Now what could granted pray'rs impart?
Fame came, too dearly bought to bless,
And Victory came, but valueless!
—So war it then, so shall it be!
A blank, a blight 'mid victory
O'er aught, except the toe within,
The struggling, warring, rebel *Sin!* L. L.

MISCELLANEOUS.

RUIN OF THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

During the past week the *British* public has been admitted to a spectacle of a painfully interesting and gravely historical import. One of the most splendid abodes and almost regal aristocracy has thrown open its portals to an endless succession of visitors, who from morning till night have flowed in an uninterrupted stream from room to room, and floor to floor—not to enjoy the hospitality of the lord, or to congratulate him on his countless treasures of art, but to see an ancient family ruined, their palace marked for destruction, and its contents scattered to the four winds of heaven. We are only saying what is notorious, and what, therefore, it is neither a novelty or a cruelty to repeat, that the most noble puissant prince, his grace the Duke of Buckingham and Chandos, is at this moment an absolutely ruined and destitute man. This morning the tumultuous invasion of sight-seers will once again be endured, and to-morrow the auctioneer will begin his work.

On what treasures of art will the sun set this day, never to rise again on similar array within those walls. The quantity is beyond conception, and if the taste is not always the most refined, it is because the vastness of the accumulation and the accidents of its history forbade a more fastidious rule. The Duke of Buckingham is the representative, not of one, but of many families. It is a mighty wreck of ages that has accumulated in this place, swollen indeed and somewhat overwhelmed, by recent additions, but still full of historical, national, and poetical associations. The galleries of family portraits and collections of family memorials, seem to connect all the great achievements of modern Europe with the names of Chandos, Temple, Cobham, Nugent, and Grenville. But, beyond the somewhat extensive circle of family affection, the original portraits of famous men and women here assembled, are of the greatest interest and value. Here, too, is the victor's portion in the spoil of celebrated sieges, the memento of historical friendships, and the favorite gem of royalty or beauty. In the manuscript room is the most valuable collection of Irish documents anywhere to be found. For the pictures, marbles, bronzes, antiques, articles of *vertu*, curiosities, china, glass, and wines, we leave them to the auctioneer, and his catalogue of 5000 items. It is not our purpose to speak of that which money has collected, and may collect again. Such things are only scattered for a fresh reunion elsewhere under new and favorable auspices. But the heirlooms of many great families, the records of many great events, and the memorials of many great persons; all spontaneously collected into one great whole, constitute a singular and most significant fact, the obliterations of which we can only compare to the overthrow of a nation or a throne.

It is a deplorable, and we must now add a most disgraceful event. On this point the truth shall be spoken. These columns have spared neither people nor prince. We have recently had to pronounce the judgement of public opinion, and to call for the vengeance of the laws upon the rash men who have perverted the first gushes of youthful genius and the rude instincts of popular freedom to an impious rebellion.—We have been forced to do so, and we have done so without a pang. Should we deal fairly if we spared the spoiler of his house, a man whose reckless course has thrown to the ground a pillar of the state, and struck a heavy blow to the whole order to which he unfortunately belongs! The public opinion of this country respects the House of Lords, but not a degenerate aristocracy. It is apt to canvass and to censure noble names, because it measures their ill deeds with their great responsibility. The Duke of Buckingham has filled all minds with a painful presage of wider ruin. Such events *speak* in these days. When dynasties are falling around, and aristocracies have crumbled into dust, disgrace acquires the force of injury, and personal ruin is a public treason. For an event of peace we have known nothing more serious and lamentable. This has not been in war or revolution. It is not a pillage by force of arms or revolutionary dogmas. In the midst of fertile lands and an industrious people, in the heart of a country where it is thought virtuous to work, to save, and to thrive, a man of the highest rank, and of a property not unequal to his title, has flung all away by extravagance and folly, and reduced his honors to the tinsel of a pauper and the baubles of a fool.

A ducal house is overthrown to atone for one man's wilful folly, and to give expensive traders and extortionate money leaders better security than they contemplated when first they sold their goods and lent their money.

[London Times.

A DINNER PARTY AT SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

'Well, Sir Joshua,' said lawyer Dunning, on arriving first at one of these parties, 'and who have you got to dine with you to-day? The last time I dined in your house the company was of such a sort, that I believe all the rest of the world enjoyed peace for that afternoon.' But though vehemence and disputation will at times usurp quieter enjoyments, where men of genius and strong character are assembled, the evidence that has survived of these celebrated meetings in no respect impairs their indestructible interest. They were the first great example that had been given in this country, of a cordial intercourse between persons of distinguished pretensions of all kinds; poets, physicians, lawyers, deans, historians, actors, temporal and spiritual peers, house of commons men, men of science, men of letters, painters, philosophers, and lovers of the arts; meeting on a ground of hearty ease, good humor, and pleasantry, which exalts my respect for the memory of Reynolds. It was no prim fine table he set them down to. There was little order or arrangement; there was more abundance than excellence; and a happy freedom thrust conventionalism aside. Often was the dinner board, prepared for seven or eight, required to accomodate itself to fifteen or sixteen; for often, on the very eve of dinner, would Sir Joshua tempt afternoon visitors with intimation that Johnson, or Garrick, or Goldsmith was to dine there. Nor was the want of seats the only difficulty. A want of knives and forks, of plates and glasses, as often succeeded. In something of the same style too, was the attendance; the kitchen had to keep pace with the visitors; and it was easy to know the guests best acquainted with the house, by their never failing to call instantly for beer, bread, or wine, that they might get them before the first course was over, and the worse confusion began. Once was Sir Joshua prevailed upon to furnish his dinner table with glasses, and decanters, and some saving of time they proved; yet as they were demolished in the course of service, he could never be persuaded to replace them. 'But these trifling embarrassments,' added Mr. Courtenay, describing them to Sir James Macintosh, 'only served to enhance the hilarity and singular pleasure of the entertainment.' It was not the wine, dishes, and cookery, not the fish and venison, that were talked of or recommended; those social hours, that irregular convivial talk, had matter of high relish, and fare more eagerly enjoyed. And amid all the animated bustle of his guests, the host sat perfectly composed; always attentive to what was said: never minding what was eat or drank, and leaving every one at liberty to scramble for himself. Though so severe a deafness had resulted from cold caught on the continent in early life, as to compel the use of a trumpet, Reynolds profited by it to hear or not to hear, or as he pleased to enjoy the privileges of both, and keep his own equanimity undisturbed. 'He is the same all the year round,' exclaimed Johnson, with honest envy. 'In illness and in pain, he is still the same. Sir, he is the most invulnerable man I know; the man with whom if you should quarrel, you will find the most difficulty how to abuse.' Nor was this praise obtained by preference of any, but by cordial respect to all; for in Reynolds there was as little of the sycophant as the tyrant. However high the rank of the guests invited, he waited for none. His dinners were served always precisely at five o'clock. His was not the fashionable ill breeding, says Mr. Courtenay, 'which could wait an hour for two or three persons of title,' and put the rest of the company out of humor by the invidious distinction. [Forster's Goldsmith.

[From Howitt's Journal.]

NEW AND IMPORTANT DISCOVERY OF A DISINFECTING FLUID.

There are some among the evils which it has pleased the Beneficent Creator to interweave with the good in this portion of his creation which are as yet mysteries to us; which we must bear as our Cross, and learn thereby the divine religion of sorrow. There are many more, which, in the light of increasing knowledge, take the new form of blessings in disguise; the appointed means of a greater amount of happiness, and constant incitements to progression. There are still more, which, yielding to the power of truth, science, and benevolence, are gradually disappearing altogether. Forms of moral perversion and political oppression, once common, have vanished, leaving only their traces behind them. Diseases, once the scourge of nations, are forgotten, or only matters of history. Howard extinguished the jail fever; Southwood Smith prophesies the extinction of typhus, and works towards the fulfilment of his prophecy. Ether, as now used in operations, shows that physical pain may be deadened.—And now, a new and curious discovery promises to wipe out a long list of human inconveniences and sufferings, and to turn their very sources into the means of riches and fertility.

A fluid which possesses the property of destroying noxious gases, has been discovered by a French chemist,* and placed by him, through the instrumentality of an energetic and patriotic Englishman, at the disposal of the English Government. This "disinfecting fluid," as it has been named, is inexpensive, simple of application, and without any odor of its own. It destroys the putrid smell of all substances, animal or vegetable, in any stage of decomposition.—The "dead-rooms" of hospitals, all dissecting-rooms, the subjects of coroners' inquests, or of any post-mortem examination, may, by its presence, be rendered perfectly inoffensive. Portions of human remains, portions of animal remains, of fish, of vegetable matter, so putrid as scarcely to retain their form sufficiently to be recognised have, by it, been restored to their natural odor. Night-soil, arrived at that most poisonous pitch of stench which it emits when accumulated for years in cesspools, is, by it, nearly deprived of all smell; that which it retains being so trifling as only to be perceptible by very close observation. Cesspools, into which a certain portion of this fluid has been poured, have been emptied in the middle of populous neighborhoods, in open day, and the contents carted away, and neither the men employed, the people of the neighborhood in which it was situated, nor those of the neighborhood through which it passed, have had any cause to complain, or indeed (except those whose attention was drawn to the matter) have been conscious of the proceeding. The night-men, whose occupation is usually so disgusting and dangerous, as to be most painful to contemplate, have expressed their astonishment at this wonderful relief.—Thus disinfected, this material becomes a valuable manure. It is said to prevent the potato disease, but we require further time and experience before that can be ascertained; there is no doubt, from several observations, however, about its being highly fertilising to vegetation in general, much more so than the night-soil unmixed with this fluid; because the chemical action is to fix all that is nutritive, and to destroy all that is at once hurtful to life and offensive to the sense of smell.

Important as this single property is, it is the relief from the noxious effluvia of all excrementitious matter which first strikes the mind as the great boon of this discovery. Poisonous smells attack us on every side. Nothing is more difficult than to find a house which is not rendered disagreeable and unhealthy by them at times.—Nothing is more difficult than to find a locality free from them. As long as cesspools, properly designated "poison pits," are permitted to exist in populous places, the cleansing of them must be perpetual sources of disgust and disease to whole neighborhoods. Here we have an antidote for this evil.

But there is a more important consequence involved. The generator of all the classes of infectious disease, the poison which, arising from the decomposition of animal and vegetable matter, becomes diffused in the atmosphere, and, being inhaled into the lungs, causes that dreadful scourge, fever, is neutralized, is actually destroyed by the chemical action of this fluid. The danger to which nurses and medical attendants are perpetually exposed, and which, in the present bad form of fever prevailing to so great an extent, has been particularly fatal, will now be averted. And it appears, from the experience already acquired, that a most beneficial effect is produced on the patients themselves by this purification of the air around them. We should naturally have expected this, and it has proved so. A fever patient becomes in himself a source of fever. All the exhalations given off from him are dangerous to life; and while he inhales them he is continually taking fresh doses of the poison that has prostrated this. By annihilating the poison, a wonderful assistance is given to the physician in curing him. Hitherto this effect has been produced, as far as possible, by ventilation in all well regulated sick rooms and hospitals, but the new fluid does it much more completely. Ventilation only dilutes, this gets rid of the poison. In the most crowded and ill-ventilated wards, filled with cases of dysentery and fever in the dreadful form now prevailing in Ireland, it has been found sufficient to wave in the air, and to hang round the beds, pieces of linen saturated in the fluid, and the state of the atmosphere around has been changed in a few minutes from one so noxious as to be highly dangerous to all those whose duty called them into the dreadful service of breathing it, into one of perfect safety and purity; while the poor suffering patients declared themselves to be "in Heaven."

We are detailing extraordinary facts; but they are *facts*, not fables. We have before us the Reports of Dr. Southwood Smith, Mr. Toynbee, and Mr. Grainger, who have carefully tested the truth of these statements as commissioners appointed by government. The Reports have been printed by order of the House of Commons, and presented by her Majesty's command. We have also before us, printed together with these, reports and letters from several physicians, surgeons, and others in London, on the subject; and also copies of letters or reports received by the Chief Commissioner of Woods and Forests from Manchester and Liverpool, and also from Ireland, on the efficacy of the disinfecting fluid.

* M. Ledoyen.

CHEAP POSTAGE.

We have not yet exhausted the question, how government may best strengthen and perpetuate our union. There is one of its establishments, which, in this point of view, we highly value, and which we fear, is not sufficiently prized for the high benefit it confers. We refer to the post office. The facilities which this institution affords to the government for communication, with all parts of the country, are probably regarded by many as the most important national service which it renders. But it does incomparably more for us as a community. It does much toward making us one, by admiting free communitation between different parts of the country, which no other channel of intercourse could bring together. It binds the whole country in a chain of sympathies, and makes it in truth one great neighborhood. It promotes a kind or society between the sea-shore and the mountains. It perpetuates friendship between those who are never to meet again. It binds the family in the new settlement and the half-cleared forest to the cultivated spot from which it emigrated. It facilitates, beyond calculation, commercial connections, and the interchange of products. On this account, we always grieve to see a statement of the revenue accruing to government from the post office. It ought not to yield a cent to the treasury. It should simply support itself. Such importance do we attach to the freest communication between all parts of the country, so much do we desire that the poor, as well as rich, may enjoy the means of intercourse, that we would sooner have the post office a tax on the revenue, than one of its sources.—[Rev. Dr. Channing.

[From the Washington Union.]

GOLD IN CALIFORNIA.

Sir: Since my last letter to you, written in San Francisco, I have visited the "Placer," or gold region of California, and found it all it had been represented to me. My anticipations were fully realized. The part I visited was the south fork of the river American, which joins the Sacramento at Suter's fort, or two miles from it.—This river has its north and south forks, branching more than twenty miles from Fort Suter. On these two forks there are over one thousand people digging and washing for gold. On Bear creek and Hulo creek, branches of Feather river, many are now beginning to work. It is supposed that the banks and bottoms of all these small streams contain vast quantities of gold, and that the valleys between them are rich with the same metal The people are now working at many places, some are eighty miles from others. The place I visited was about a league in extent; on this were about fifty tents; many have not even this covering. At one tent, belonging to eight single men, I remained two or three days. These men had two machines made in a day, from 80 to one hundred feet, inch boards, and very roughly put together. Their form was something like a child's cradle, without the ends; at one end there was a movable seive or rack to wash down the dirt, and shake off the stones. Holes were made in the bottom of the machine to catch the gold this wash stopped, and this was scraped out hourly. These two machines gathered each day I was present, three-fourths to one pound each, being three or four ounces of gold per man. These men had worked one week with tin pans; the last week with the machine. I saw the result of the first day's work of two brothers, (Americans) one had seven dollars, the other eighty-two: they worked on the same five yards of land; one, however, worked less than the whole day. Their plan, like hundreds of others, was first with a pick and shovel clear off two feet of the top earth, then put, in a tin pan or wooden bowl a shovel of dirt, go into running water, with the hand stir up the dirt and heave out the stones, until they have remaining a spoonful of emery or black sand, containing one to five dollars.—This can be done once or twice a day.

Each day is causing some saving of labor by the improvements in the rough machines now in use. The day I left, some small companies of five or eight men had machines from which they anticipate five or six hundred dollars a day. There certainly must this day be at work on the different Placers several hundreds of Americans and others, who are cleaning one ounce of gold a day. I have this week seen in Monterey a Californian, who shows four hundred dollars of gold from the labor of one week; much of it was the size of wheat. I myself weighed one piece from his bag, and found the weight an even ounce. He like many others, only went up to the gold regions to see the place, borrowed tools, worked a few days, and came home to show his labor, and take up brothers and cousins and provisions. Flour at the "Placer" is scarce at $16 per 100 lbs. At almost this price it must continue, as people are forsaking their fields. I do not think I am exaggerating in estimating the amount of gold obtained on the rivers I have mentioned at ten thousand dollars a day for the last few days. There is every reason to believe the amount will not this season (unless the washers are driven from their work by sickness) be any less. In this case the addition of workmen now joining the first ones, and the emigrants from the Atlantic States we shall have in October and December, will soon swell the value of California gold that will be washed out to an unheard of value.

Many who have seen the "Placer," think it will last thirty or forty years. I should think that it would afford work two or three years to many thousands of people, and may for very many years, as I cannot calculate the extent of country having gold. The working of quicksilver mines, like every thing else, is stopped; three-fourths of the houses in the town of San Francisco are shut up. Houses in Monterey are being closed this week; the volunteer companies of Sonoma and San Francisco have lost several men by desertion. Under the present excitement, a ship-of-war or any other vessel lying at anchor in San Francisco would lose many men. In that town there is hardly a mechanic remaining. I expect the same in Monterey in two weeks. Both newspapers have stopped.—All or nearly all the hotels are shut up. One of my clerks who received $500 and board, now receives in his store near Halvetia (Suter's Fort) $100 per month; my others are fast closing their books to leave me. In fact, I find myself, or shall this month, without a clerk, carpenter, or servant, and all my houses, formerly rented, given up to me. In two weeks Monterey will be nearly without inhabitants.

I am, with much respect,
THOS. O. LARKIN.

Com. Thos. Ap C. Jones.

We have seen specimens of the California gold. As far as we have seen it, it does not appear in large lumps, such as we found the other day in a gold mine in Virginia, worth $550. Indeed, the largest piece said to have been found does not exceed an ounce. The specimens we have seen are in minute pieces, very much resembling the scales of a small fish.

U. S. Navy Agency,
Monterey, California, July 1, 1848.

PRESERVATION OF WHEAT BY CHARRING. Mr. Branin, of Trenton, N. J. has some wheat from the bank of the river nearly opposite Catskill, where it had remained ever since the year 1777. The building in which it had been stored was burned down that year, and several thousand bushels of the grain, completely charred, was suffered to remain on the spot. By scratching the bank with his fingers, Mr. B. informed us that the wheat rolled down, perfect in size and form. Wagon loads of it have thus remained for seventy one years, incorporated with the earth, and exposed to the action of the elements, without showing any disposition to modify its principles.

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